LANCER BOOKS 74-822 75¢

Benjamin Morse, M.D.

The major new study of

Sexual Behavior of the American College Girl

Based on surveys and case histories

It has been fifteen years since the Kinsey Reports were published . . . fifteen years of major change in all facets of American life. The American college campus has been the scene of some of the greatest changes of all. There are more college students now than ever before; the percentage of girls is higher; undergraduates have an advanced and enlightened outlook sometimes shocking to their elders; and even college authorities have had to modify or ignore tradition-bound rules. The sexual attitudes and practices of the American college girl—right now, today—are things many people have questions about. Until now, no book has supplied the up-to-date answers. This invaluable book does, and fills a vital gap.

IMPORTANT! To receive free advance news of exciting new LANCER BOOKS each month send your name and address to:

LANCER BOOKS, INC. • Dept. PDC
26 West 47th Street • New York 36, New York

A LANCER ORIGINAL • NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL

BENJAMIN MORSE, M.D.

LANCER BOOKS • NEW YORK

A LANCER BOOK • 1963

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL

Copyright © by Benjamin Morse, M.D., 1963

All rights reserved
Printed in the U.S.A.

LANCER BOOKS, INC. • 26 WEST 47TH STREET • NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

For all those college girls
Who contributed to this study
With every wish for happiness . . .

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL

Introduction

A MAJOR CHARACTERISTIC of modern times—a period which seems to be overflowing with major characteristics, to be sure—is the ever-increasing universality of the college experience. In an astonishingly brief period of time, customs and attitudes have changed from a situation in which a college education was reserved for the rich, through a time when such an education was the special privilege of the markedly intelligent, to the present set of circumstances. Now, neither great wealth nor special ability are deemed requisites for higher education. Almost anyone who *wants* to go to college has the opportunity to get there, and almost anyone who wants more than subsistence wages and a minimal-status position *has* to go to college. We are very obviously moving in the direction of a society in which college education will be entirely standard.

The pros and cons of this trend need not concern us in this context. On the one hand, it is argued that education cannot be less than good, that one cannot have too much of a good thing, and that the increasingly broader base of the educational pyramid cannot help improving the lot of everyone concerned. The reply to this argument is that education for all is tantamount to education for none, that as soon as the college blanket is spread to cover more young men and women, the value of the college diploma is reduced to the lowest common denominator of students.

While the question is as important as it is complex, it is of less specific importance to us in this connection than is the question of the social ramifications of the universality of the college experience. As more and more young men and women go to college, and as college education becomes taken for granted by an ever-larger segment of the American population, the special role of this college experience—aside from its formal educational role—becomes more precisely determined and more widely acknowledged.

What are these extra-educational roles of the college period? Essentially, the four years spent on a college campus are designed to facilitate the individual's coming to grips with the problems of independence and maturity. At college, the student begins to become politically oriented, economically motivated, begins to visualize his precise place in society, and so forth. He chooses his career and prepares for that career. He may have already made his career choice, and he may change his mind later, but the time for this choice is generally conceded to be at college. In similar fashion, this period of time is when the student grows into independence in respect to the privileges and responsibilities of that state. He is supported by his parents; after college graduation he will probably not receive such support. He is accountable to his parents, too, but after graduation he will be assumed to be more or less on his own. While there is no sharp dividing line here, and surely no written code,

affairs have evolved to the point where the college campus is recognized as the place where young men and women change from children to adults. Both students and their parents quite often feel that this function of the college is more important than the college's role in vocational preparation. And, in this furiously pragmatic era, almost everyone seems to acknowledge that the college's role in the maturity process is surely more significant than its dissemination of abstract knowledge.

But what has all of this to do with sex?

Quite a good deal, actually. A considerable part of the college maturation process takes part in the sexual sphere. As more and more persons go to college, and as college's role in this respect becomes more specifically outlined, the function of college in regard to sexual behavior becomes more strictly determined. For the vast majority of Americans, and most particularly for females, the greatest period of sexual awakening takes place upon the college campus. Whether the final outcome of college sexuality consists of an adjustment to sexual normalcy and adequacy, or whether the individual eventually joins the ranks of the sexually abnormal, it is likely that the turning point will come during the college years.

This is not to suggest that the individual does not exist as a sexual being before late adolescence. This is nonsense. We know that auto-erotic sex play begins in infancy, that sexual awareness precedes puberty, that a majority of girls and almost all boys masturbate after the onset of puberty, that a sizable proportion of males and females lose their virginity before high school graduation, and so forth *ad infinitum*.

But it is at college that sexual awareness and the beginnings of sexual experience crystallize into the development of mature sexuality. A very simple fact may enlarge this picture—just that the majority of girls who enter college come as virgins, and the majority of girls who graduate from college have, by the time of their graduation, ceased to be virgins. This is a gross simplification of the

dimensions of the college sexual experience, to be sure, but it should reinforce our basic premise here—i.e., that the campus is the focus of the greater period of mature sexual development for a large portion of the population.

A very basic reason for this phenomenon is a reason of age. One might argue, in fact, that there is nothing special about college life which would serve to cause sexual maturation at this time, but that individuals of college age are apt to go through such a maturation process whether on a college campus or not. A girl is most apt to have her initial coital experience between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, rather than earlier or later, we might argue—and, since she will probably be at college during those years, coitus will take place at college.

But there is more to it than this, as we can quickly see. The college atmosphere is a very special one, an atmosphere which frequently constitutes a rather radical departure from the parental home. In a whole host of aspects, the college campus is particularly conducive to sexual behavior never before indulged in.

First and foremost, the college student is free from parental restraints which may have worked against sexual development in earlier years. There is considerably more freedom on a campus, generally speaking, than there is at one's childhood home. No combination of deans and housemothers and curfews can serve as supervisors on a par with one's own parents. A girl who would hesitate to kiss a boy on the doorstep of her parent's house might have no qualms about copulating on a couch in a sorority house parlor.

Almost as important is the fact that society takes a far more tolerant look at sexual activity in college than it does for sexual activity in high school or earlier. The official social view, of course, is that premarital coitus is equally wrong no matter who is involved in it. Unofficially, college sex is generally regarded as fairly common and normal, fraught with certain dangers in the form of expulsion or pregnancy or premature marriage, of course, but hardly possessing any intrinsic evil sufficient to con-

demn the participants as gross sinners. The high school girl who sleeps around is regarded by almost everyone as a tramp, a worthless girl, a bad person. The college girl who has sexual experience, and who is somewhat discreet about it, will not sustain nearly so much abuse.

This is all considerably more true in respect to females than to males. The sexual double standard which has always characterized western society to one degree or another is still very much with us, and has quite a strong effect in this connection. Throughout their early years, girls are under much greater pressure to avoid sexual experience than are boys. While our normative mores hold premarital activity equally "wrong" for either sex, a boy's parents are far less apt to sit up nights worrying about their child's sexual behavior than are the parents of a girl.

In college, with the greater freedom, with the removal of parental restraint, with the absence of extreme social disapproval, and with the addition of a variety of pressures *for* sexual activity, a girl is involved in an atmosphere very different from the one left behind in her home town, especially from a sexual standpoint, and the difference is greater for her than for young men. She is far more apt to be sexually inexperienced upon arrival at college than is a boy in similar circumstances, and she is not much more likely to be similarly inexperienced upon leaving school.

Once we realize the particular function of the college experience in serving as it were to bridge the gap between adolescence and adult sexuality, we can then see the importance of having a closer look at the special facets of campus sexual behavior. While it is unhappily simple to arrive at a convenient stereotype and pin the label of College Girl upon it, such a stereotype has little of value to offer us. There are considerable differences which stereotypes fail to embrace. There are extremely important variables involved, each sharply distinguishing one college girl from another in sexual terms.

The urban university, for example, offers its students

an atmosphere which is substantially different in all aspects from that of a small-town college; it should hardly come as a surprise to learn that two such schools would differ in regard to sexual mores as well. The girl who goes away to school will enjoy a different environment and will react to that environment in different fashion from a girl who goes to a college in her own home town, and her sexual adjustment will probably reflect this difference. Furthermore, it should go without saying that the sexual atmosphere of a college for women differs enormously from that of a co-educational college.

The particular aim of this book is a dual one. First of all, we will attempt to get a full picture of the various aspects of college sexual behavior. We will see just what does take place upon a college campus, not in the sense of a lurid magazine exposé piece but in the form of a rational inquiry into the precise patterns and dimensions of the college girl's sexual behavior. The different types of collegiate situations, and their special problems in the sexual realm, would be an important area of study.

By the same token, we ought to develop a fairly comprehensive understanding of the many problems involved in the college girl's sex life and the ultimate results of these strains and stresses. Society's "official" verdict is painfully simple—according to its terms, virtually all sexual activity is taboo before marriage, and the best situation is reached by prescribing chastity as a universal remedy for the problems of premarital sexuality.

This is as useless a solution as it is a pat one. To be sure, a great many of the obvious problems of college sex would disappear outright if college sex ceased to exist in and of itself, but this is almost on a level with the statement that the tensions of the nuclear era would be greatly reduced were we to forget how to split the atom. It is highly unlikely that we could ever find a way of enforcing chastity to any remarkable degree, nor is it by any means a certainty that the sexual repression of total chas-

tity during the college years might not be at least as great a danger for many girls as is sexual experience.

Still, the problems which currently derive from premarital sex are fairly grave ones, ranging from premarital pregnancy to sexual abnormality, from frigidity to promiscuity. It would be all too easy for us to study campus sex life with the detached objectivity of an entymologist commenting upon the social order of an anthill, carefully refraining from the utterance of a solitary value judgment or unsupported opinion. Such academic objectivity has advantages of its own, but when we are concerned with the problems of human beings, something more seems essential.

I have played witness to far too many cases which feature misery and confusion stemming from an inadequate adjustment to the sexual strains and stresses of college life, too many cases of too-much-too-soon or too-little-too-late, to remain frigidly objective in this respect. There is surely a great deal wrong with the college experience in this area. This should scarcely come as a profound shock; when there is no clear agreement evident on the academic goals and purposes of the college or university, it is no more than natural that the social goals and purposes of campus life should be similarly shrouded in darkness. We are not certain whether college should produce well-rounded automatons or prepare specialists for further study. We do not know whether education must aim at imbuing the average man with a higher quotient of pure culture or putting a firm-jawed astronaut on Jupiter before the Russians turn the trick. Is it any wonder that we are equally uncertain as to the ideal sexual atmosphere of the college?

But a more clear-cut understanding of the "ideal" college sexual atmosphere must come about. Colleges must form their own picture of what they condone and what they do not condone, of what is desirable and what is not desirable.

The college atmosphere is surely not the sole source of

problems. Often enough, difficult circumstances arise because a given girl is "unready" for college, or is not suited for the environment of the specific college which she attends. More adequate personal and parental preparation for the freedom of the college community, and greater emphasis upon placing students at colleges and institutions better suited to them, is clearly necessary.

It would be all too easy to write a "scare" book about the topic at hand, a book which might scream that our young persons are all going to hell in a handcar. I have no desire to do this. Sex on the college campus is hardly a utopian situation at the present time and it would take an infernal idiot to proclaim it so. But the idea that the present generation of college girls is inordinately cheap or promiscuous or neurotic or whatever—this is an equally untenable position. It is my intention neither to shock nor to placate, but to help the reader gain a fuller understanding of the subject and form his own conclusions.

The sexual behavior of college girls is less a matter of universal facts than of different individuals reacting in different fashion to fundamentally different circumstances. Because of this, it seems evident that material on this topic can best be presented through the employment of case history materials.

I have accordingly made considerable use of specific cases from my files in the preparation of the following chapters. In so doing, however, I have gone to considerable length to avoid identification either of my patients or of their families, colleges, etc. I have deliberately altered names of individuals; where it has been necessary in the interests of narrative fluidity to use the name of a college, I have deliberately created false names for such colleges. The use of blanks and initials serves only to interrupt a narrative flow, and falsified names for persons and places seems more expedient.

I would surely hope that no reader would attempt to identify the schools or persons hereinafter described.

Physical descriptions and precise circumstances which might facilitate such identification have been very deliberately changed to render any such identification quite impossible. If I have unwittingly used the actual name of any person, or if I have accidentally hit upon the actual title of any college or university, this has been of the sheerest coincidence.

Furthermore, it might be worthwhile to point out that this book cannot but present a distorted picture of college life simply because of its topic. While we are here concerned exclusively with the sexual aspects of campus life and related problems, it should go without saying that college girls themselves do not share this single-minded absorption. The reader should not be left with the view that all college girls are acutely troubled by sexual problems, or that it is their primary concern throughout their undergraduate years.

The High School Background

ONE CAN hardly begin to assess the sexual behavior of the college girl without taking a close look at the pattern her sex life took before she arrived on the college campus. The attitudes and behavior patterns in evidence during the high school years have a great deal to do with the attitudes and behavior patterns likely to come into being at college.

In a general sense, the average American high school presents an extremely rigid and stylized sexual scheme of things. Standards are quite firm in the sense that deviation from accepted behavior patterns is deplored, and unswerving convictions as to the rightness or wrongness of various sexual acts prevail. At the same time, however, a considerable amount of confusion is in evidence in respect to the precise form of sexual standards. In other words, high school students are very anxious to toe the line, but are not quite certain where to draw it.

This is a rather important point and one the reader might do well to dwell upon for a moment. It has become commonplace for us to regard high school students as rebels, especially in regard to sexual behavior.

While rebellion in sexual matters characterizes a noisy minority of adolescents—those psychopathic personalities and extremely disoriented neurotics who turn up with alarming frequency in newspaper headlines—the average high school student is essentially a conformist in sexual matters. His confusion in this area arises from his difficulty in determining the precise nature of the standards to which he would prefer to conform.

Adolescent sexuality in this sense is a rather compelling topic. In my book, *The Sexual Revolution*, I devoted an extended chapter to an analysis of high school dating patterns and sexual mores as a function of the changing patterns of sex in present-day America. While we need not thresh through that material now, the major points might be of value. Essentially the situation is this—uncertain and vague sexual standards, an almost compulsive desire to conform to these standards, and, finally, an exceptional overemphasis of sex in general which exemplifies itself in a desire for sexual security, a need to prove one's self sexually adequate in every respect, and a prematurely profound involvement in the dating process.

For a whole variety of reasons, teen-agers find themselves under extraordinary pressure in this area. Dating begins at an earlier age every year, it would seem, with a whole code of children's dating behavior establishing itself as a permanent part of the social landscape. The beginnings of sexual activity—i.e., kissing—have become a first-date feature for the very young. At the same time, the ultimate aim of sexual activity—i.e., coitus—is reserved in theory for marriage and in practice, most of the time, for some date beyond high school graduation. In the words of one European critic, adolescence in America constitutes the longest period of unrestrained sexual foreplay encountered in the whole history of civilization.

For girls, the foremost sexual conflict of the high school dating pattern derives from the two aims inherent in this pattern—to be popular while not going "too far" sexually. There is no exact line showing what is "too far" and what is not. A whole host of variables are

in operation—the age of the girl, the special standards of her social group, the depth and duration of her dating relationship with her partner, and so on. For example, a seventeen-year-old girl who has been going steady with one boy for a period of several months could permissably engage in sexual activity which would be very much beyond the pale for a fifteen-year-old girl on her first date with a given boy.

The example given above seems obvious enough, to be sure. But the conflict involved becomes more important when one stops to realize all the shades of difference which show themselves in the course of the high school dating situation. Time after time, the girl must determine in one way or another just where to draw a given line. This responsibility is largely hers, of course; the code has it that a young man is expected to go as far as he can in any given sexual situation—whether he actually wants to or not—and that it is up to the girl to set limits.

One such limit is more or less constant in adolescent dating patterns. This is the final limit, the bar which excludes coitus from the high school student's sexual repertoire. This special exclusion of coitus reaches rather illogical proportions in many cases.

One girl with whom I later became professionally acquainted was genuinely promiscuous throughout her tenure in a suburban high school—promiscuous and a virgin at the same time. When I became familiar with her case, I learned that this girl, Marlene Kramer, had begun indulging in heavy petting sessions in the second semester of the tenth grade, and had continued to engage in sexual foreplay very frequently and with almost any male who presented himself. She dated boys in her high school, went out with college men as well, and on several occasions permitted herself to be picked up by strangers at bars or soda fountains.

Marlene was quite attractive and moderately intelligent. She never went steady with any of the boys she dated, and never formed anything approaching a roman-

tic attachment for any of them. In fact, she conducted herself very much as a nymphomaniac might have done, engaging in sexual affairs apparently at random, deriving physical pleasure but no lasting satisfaction from sexual activity, and so on. There was, however, one important difference—Marlene's sexual activity always ceased prior to coitus!

This was the only line the girl drew. Throughout her last two years in high school, her petting sessions almost always culminated in orgasm for herself and for her partner. Sexual climax was usually achieved through mutual masturbation; however, during her senior year in high school she had several experiences with oral-genital copulation.

Marlene's own self-image is quite revealing here. She told me that she thought of herself as a *fast* girl, and explained that she knew her willingness to have sexual contact with boys after short acquaintance made many of her classmates regard her as cheap. Yet she herself insisted she could see nothing either dangerous or immoral in her conduct.

"It would be different if I went all the way," she told me, quite sincerely. "That would be something completely different and it would be something that wouldn't be right, not during high school. To go all the way you would have to be in love with the boy, you couldn't just do it because you wanted to have fun or anything. And having intercourse can get you pregnant. You can't get a baby from petting."

Marlene is of course an extreme example, more useful to illustrate the concept of virginal promiscuity than to exemplify normal teen-age sexual patterns. Girls like Marlene almost invariably have coitus before marriage, and generally become promiscuous in coitus as well once the line has been crossed for the first time. They have learned to regard sexual pleasure as a joy which may be indulged in at any time and with any partner, and the simple replacement of petting with coitus is not enough to alter this attitude.

In less extreme instances, girls with a strong history of high school petting frequently become quite casual about the conduct of their sex lives on the college campus, while not becoming actually promiscuous. Even when high school petting has existed as the function of some sort of interpersonal relationship, with a steady date, for instance, the rise and fall of these steady-dating relationships soon leaves the girl with the feeling that sex is a game which may be played alternately with any number of partners.

In this connection, a standard feature of high school sexual relationships is that a sexual plateau reached with any given boy will be reached and surpassed in all subsequent relationships. If a girl permits one steady boy friend to touch her breasts, she can hardly deny this privilege to the next boy with whom she engages in sex play. There are two reasons for this phenomenon. First of all, girls generally express the feeling that to do otherwise would be less than sincere. "It's not as if nobody ever touched me there before," one girl told me, referring to a petting session she had recently engaged in. "I used to do that with Jim, when we were going together, and it wouldn't be honest to make Ted stop short of it, since it was something I already had done with other boys."

Another explanation for this phenomenon is more a matter of biology than of ethics. There is a tremendous element of tolerance in adolescent petting—i.e., a large percentage of the thrill of the sport derives from going progressively further in the techniques employed. That which was enjoyable at one time does not remain enjoyable forever, and any stage which has already been left behind can hardly serve the participants as an end in itself. Thus the girl quoted a paragraph ago might as well have added that she wouldn't want to make Ted stop short of the plateau Jim had previously reached—if only because their petting would then be considerably less pleasurable for her.

The special qualities of petting in this respect are worthy of very close attention, when one realizes the tre-

mendous role petting plays in the sex life of the young, both in high school and in college—a role, incidentally, which is largely a recent phenomenon. In a later chapter on the relative merits of petting and coitus, we will examine this subject in somewhat fuller detail. Here, though, we can see how petting habits established during high school can make for irregular sexual conduct later on in college.

The tolerance syndrome, examined above, leads to a duplication of this pattern at college, to the point where the loss of virginity can quickly lead to general promiscuous behavior. It is common, for example, for a girl to remain a virgin for an extended period of time. Then, when one love affair culminates in coitus, the girl suddenly seems to become a tramp and has coitus with all the men whom she dates.

What happens here is not that the girl's standards change drastically, or that her moral code undergoes any monumental shift. On the contrary, she is simply echoing a pattern which operated on the high school petting level. Once she has reached the plateau of coitus, once she has "gone all the way" by virtue of romantic involvement, sexual excitement, or whatever, she then remains at this plateau. After she has had a coital love affair with one boy, she cannot drop back to petting relationships with any subsequent boy friends. To do so would seem insincere, perhaps. And it would no longer be sexually satisfying.

There are other elements which may tend to accelerate a girl along the road to sexual promiscuity once she has first had coitus, certainly. If her first lover rejects her, if she feels a tremendous load of sin—these and other pressures have a great deal to do with the tendency of premarital coitus to establish itself as a pattern. But the pattern established in high school is certainly a vital contributing factor in this regard.

Furthermore, it serves to create still more confusion in respect to sexual standards—already vague and confused enough, as we have already seen. It adds one more

variable to the long list of variables governing what may or may not be done in any sexual relationship. The previous experience of the two participants, then, is also to be considered. When such an element is a major factor in determining sexual conduct, the notion of petting serving to indicate the depth of an emotional relationship goes out the window. A girl goes to certain lengths sexually not only because she "likes" or "loves" her date to such-and-such a degree, but also because she has gone that far in the past. A tremendously distorted picture of the role of sex is an inevitable consequence of this special situation.

We have seen, briefly, the manner in which a history of petting in high school can affect the sexual behavior of a girl in college, and we have seen too some of the ways in which the groundwork of high school sexual behavior and attitudes can serve as a foundation for the sexual attitudes and behavior which will characterize the college campus. A quick examination might lead us, then, to the conclusion that the best way to ensure against sexual excess in college is to apply a strict hand during high school. If petting excesses on the high school social scene are echoed by coital promiscuity at college, stern parental supervision might seem to be the best answer. If we would discourage the one, we might best do so by controlling the other—so the argument might run.

This seems logical enough on the surface. A parent has the opportunity to exert control over the behavior of a high school student to a much greater degree than he does over the behavior of a college student. But strict sexual supervision in high school does not necessarily result in sexual adjustment and continence at college. Indeed, the opposite is often the case.

The reasons for this are not too elusive. If an individual becomes used to a crutch of any sort, he eventually finds himself incapable of getting along without such a crutch;

every time he takes a step he winds up falling on his face. Overly strict supervision can serve as just this sort of crutch. The high school girl, subjected to rigid parental control, severe curfews, dating restrictions, and so forth, cannot but learn to rely on such controls instead of learning to develop controls of her own. She never knows how to handle sexual excitement, how to defend against it, how to avoid involvements which might prove difficult.

Organisms reared in laboratories under completely sterile conditions cannot exist in the world—they are never exposed to germs and thus never build up defenses against germs, and their first contact with bacteria is apt to prove fatal. Whether the girl is simply incapable of coping with a problem she has never been obliged to handle, or whether the removal of parental control will be met by a rebellion against such overly strict control, the results are pretty much the same; in either instance, the girl reacts by going overboard in the direction of sexual license once she has replaced the controlled environment of high school with the more permissive environment of the campus.

Linda Gehrig became a patient of mine during her sophomore year at the University of Chicago. I only saw her for a brief period of time; she was referred to me after an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, and she withdrew from treatment at the end of the year, at which time she also withdrew from the university.

Linda, an attractive, slender girl, was the only child of a Methodist minister and his wife. She grew up in a small town in the southern part of Illinois under an extraordinarily rigid code of behavior imposed by her parents. Her family's sexual views were puritanical in the extreme. Linda was obliged to satisfy her father's requirements in regard to her behavior, and also had to suit the community's image of what a minister's daughter ought to be. Her only dates during high school were for school functions, and she had to be home from such functions at very early hours. She never necked or petted, never became involved with a boy to any significant degree.

"I only kissed boys good night two or three times," she told me, smiling at the memory. "And in their cars, too, and around the corner from our house. I was frightened that Daddy might see me if I kissed them on the front step, and he would have been mad at me."

It was quite a step for Linda to go away to college, especially to a big-city school like the university. Her parents were a little timorous about the move, but her father argued that they had nothing to worry about. After all, he reasoned, Linda had been brought up correctly. She knew the difference between right and wrong and she would be able to guide herself accordingly.

"But it didn't work that way," Linda told me. "Not at all. I was completely lost when I got to U.C. I didn't know what to do, didn't understand anything. And I was completely unprepared for the freedom of the college. The restrictions that existed were far more liberal than the ones I had had at home. Besides that, I could break the college's rules without feeling guilty the way I would have felt if I had personally disobeyed my father."

Linda was completely overwhelmed by the freedom of the college campus; she very literally couldn't handle it. She realized quickly that sexual mores on the campus were far "looser" than what she had been used to. Her classmates had petted extensively during high school, had dated boys on a steady basis, and some had even had intercourse. Linda was thrown into a world that was quite foreign to her, and she was lost in it.

"The first week, there was a hall party. We had a boy's dormitory over and we played records and socialized, it was sort of a freshman mixer on a small scale. They had a punch, I guess it was a vodka base although I didn't know much about alcohol at the time. I got very drunk. I wound up in a bedroom with a boy and he kept kissing me and feeling me and I never stopped him. We didn't go all the way, maybe because he was afraid to or because he was too drunk, but it wasn't because I stopped him. It never even occurred to me to stop him."

I asked her if she hadn't been worried by the petting.

"Yes, I was. I knew it was . . . well, wrong. Wrong as far as my father was concerned, anyway. I didn't know whether it was wrong in the eyes of the other girls or not. But I didn't know what to do. I was afraid of being a tramp but I was also afraid of being a square."

Her eyes narrowed. "And there was something else," she went on. "I had never done anything like that before. It was all new feelings. Look, Dr. Morse, here I was getting hot for the first time in my life, and I enjoyed it. I didn't understand it, it was part of the whole novelty of college, but I sure as hell enjoyed it."

In almost no time at all, Linda Gehrig had succeeded in catching up with all the sexual activity she had missed before coming to college. Because she no longer had the crutch of parental supervision for support, she went overboard in the direction of sexual license. She skipped classes, fell behind in her studies, got along on a minimum quantity of sleep. She dated constantly, and she exercised hardly any self-control whatsoever when she was with boys. In less than a month, one boy managed to have sexual intercourse with her.

"When that happened," she said, "it really threw me for a loop. I all at once realized what I had done, what was happening to me. I almost got on a bus and headed for home. I'm not exaggerating—I was at the bus terminal, standing in line to buy my ticket, when I changed my mind and went back to my dormitory. I knew what I had done, and that it was sinful. I even was sure that I would get pregnant. When you're that young, that naive, you're convinced that all a boy has to do is touch you and you'll get pregnant. I had it all figured out in my mind. As soon as I knew that I was really pregnant, I would write a long letter of explanation to my parents. And then I would get a razor blade and slash my wrists and kill myself."

Linda was not pregnant, as it turned out. And her guilt resolved itself. She simply convinced herself that she was a "bad" girl and then went on acting the part. She

was rabidly promiscuous, was known as a girl who would do anything for a thrill. During her freshman year she did have one very real pregnancy scare but was fortunate enough to get through all right.

During her sophomore year, the pattern of promiscuity continued, with occasional lapses during which time she became guilt-ridden, thought of taking holy orders, and vowed to be "good" from that point onward. Her suicide attempt, a move which brought her to my attention, came immediately after a period of remorse gave way again to promiscuity. Her misery over having once again failed to reform herself led Linda to make a half-hearted attempt at killing herself.

In the course of several discussions, I was able to help Linda somewhat toward an understanding of the ways in which she could, very literally, learn to control herself. She had to develop artificially those sexual valves and balances which would ordinarily have come about naturally during high school dating. This re-education was possible to a certain extent, but the job of eliminating the tremendous burden of guilt and of repairing the great personality-damage done by a pattern of sexual excess was not so easily dealt with. Her parents, by letting her grow up with too much supervision and then plunging her all at once into a situation with far too little supervision for this particular girl, had managed to teach her to distinguish between the extremes of right and wrong without helping her learn how to guide her own behavior in one direction or the other.

The high school background, a time which in one way or another sets the stage for the period which follows it, is surely not the same to all girls. It might be worthwhile to point out one significant difference, this one between the sexual mores of those girls whose education ends with high school graduation and those girls who go on to college. There is a very definite difference here, and it may be very simply stated: *Girls who go on to college have considerably less sexual experience during high*

school than girls who do not continue their education, and are far more apt to be virgins at the time of high school commencement.

(The same observation, incidentally, holds true to a somewhat slighter degree for males, and for basically the same reasons.)

There are several valid explanations for this fact. One theory holds that girls who do have considerable high school sexual experience, especially experience which includes coitus, are less apt to be the type for college. They are more apt to be of lower mentality, are more likely to be rebellious and defiant, and are less apt to place much value upon higher education.

In much the same way, it is argued that girls who take attendance at college for granted are a basically "higher type" and are thus less likely to deviate from accepted standards of sexual morality. This theory, when taken with a grain of salt, does make a certain amount of sense; it is basically nothing but the converse of the first explanation.

Another theory, however, explains the demonstrable fact that sexual experience varies with educational level even in cases where the different groups of girls are balanced in terms of age, basic intelligence, emotional health, and so on. When the question of future college attendance is the only visible variable, those girls who intend to go to college are still likely to have had less sexual experience.

The most logical reason would seem to be that the girl who is going to college is one who is supposed to reach maturity at a later date—intellectually, socially, economically, and sexually. The girl who goes to work after high school graduation is a girl who looks forward to marriage at the earliest opportunity. She has by and large ceased to grow. The girl who goes on to college knows that it will be several years before she can marry—even now, with the trend toward collegiate marriages. And it will also be several years before she is self-supporting, and before she is at the level of intellectual maturity which

will be, more or less, her lot in life. She has a great deal more room for growth than has the girl whose education stops at high school.

And she is accordingly less likely to commit herself completely during her years at high school. She is not so apt to "go steady"—because a steady relationship can hardly be taken as seriously by a boy and girl who realize they will be spending four years in opposite parts of the country. She is not so apt to have coitus when she cannot rationalize her actions on the grounds that she and her partner will be getting married in the fairly near future.

It is important to recognize these very genuine differences between the girl who goes on to college and the girl who does not. They exist, and they are such that the high school experience is a fundamentally different thing for two different girls depending upon whether or not it is their final educational experience. No survey of the effects of high schools, or of the sexual behavior of high school students, can be of maximum value unless this distinction is understood.

For the girl who does go on to college, the sexual atmosphere of her high school social world is, with the attitudes developed within her family, the most important consideration in determining the pattern which her collegiate sex life will take. As we have seen, neither too rigid a code of adolescent sexual morality nor too permissive a code can be of any real value to the average girl. The high school years are years in which responsibility must be learned if it is to be accepted during college. And it is just as vital that the high school girl be sexually secure enough to avoid the extremes of the dating ratrace, that she be able to shrug off the greater portion of the extreme overemphasis placed upon sex and sexual attraction in teen-age culture. The sexual development of the girl ought to proceed at just the right pace, a pace geared not to some imaginary average but to the girl herself, so that neither repression nor excessive license is the ultimate product.

The Pressures against Virginity

"I NEVER REALIZED a person's ideas could change so much in such a short period of time. I always felt that certain moral positions were, whether abstractly right or wrong, at least permanent concepts for given individuals. But when I started college—that was three years ago—I had very definite feelings and opinions about sex, and one of these was that premarital intercourse was wrong and it was something I myself could not possibly become involved in. Before long I began to feel that premarital intercourse was not wrong in and of itself, and I began to see that other girls who were not virgins were not necessarily less valuable persons because of it. The next step was the realization that even I could engage in premarital relations when the time came. By the time I did lose my virginity, toward the end of my sophomore year here, I was almost relieved about it, as though I had

finally crossed a stubborn bridge. I really came full circle, from complete inability to even imagining myself having sex before marriage to the position where having coitus seems more natural and more desirable than chastity."

The girl quoted above is no penitent confessing to a life of promiscuity. She is, on the contrary, a casual speaker at a sorority house "bull session" which it was my pleasure to join in upon at a small Midwestern college not far from Chicago. Her observations about her own changing sexual attitudes are in no sense atypical. This girl's high school background was quite normal, and her sex life at college was comparably normal as well. She was not promiscuous, felt no great burden of guilt over the conduct of her sex life, and had not been deeply scarred by sexual activity.

Since losing her virginity towards the end of her second year at college, this girl slept with a total of three men in the course of her college career. One was her first lover; coitus did not occur until the two had been dating steadily for several months. Another was her fiance at the time that the couple commenced to have coitus, although the engagement was later terminated. In each instance, sexual relations were a wholly integrated part of a dating relationship. Sex was not indulged in for its own sake. In a sense, we might label this girl as a "typical" collegiate non-virgin.

The point, then, is readily understood from a quick glance at her statement. She has presented a sharp if incomplete picture of the manner in which sexual attitudes can be drastically altered on the college campus, from the high school viewpoint in which virginity is taken for granted to the campus view of chastity as a less than natural way of life. But it is not enough to rest one's case with a statement to the effect that such a metamorphosis of attitudes does in fact occur. On the contrary, it seems quite wholly desirable to piece out some of the reasons for this rather monumental change. Whether girls cease to be virgins out of ripening sexual desire, rebellious im-

pulse, a sense of self as woman, or whatever, the nature of these reasons and the pattern a change in sexual attitudes takes is essential to a full understanding of college sexuality.

The most obvious pressure against virginity, surely, is the pressure of sexual desire. The desire for sexual satisfaction is a basic human drive, considerably reinforced by the plethora of secondary sexual stimuli in contemporary culture. The explanation that a certain girl has lost her virginity because she has gotten carried away by sexual passion is a very common explanation; indeed, we tend automatically to make the assumption that a correlation exists between sexual passion and the loss of virginity, to the effect that girls who do lose their virginity at an earlier age are more likely to be especially passionate than girls who remain chaste longer and are thus able to keep a lid on their sexual desires.

As obvious as this explanation may be, it rarely has much truth in it. Paradoxically, a surprisingly small proportion of women who did engage in premarital relations did so to accommodate their sexual desires. (This observation does not apply to compulsively promiscuous girls, to nymphomaniacs, to feeble-minded persons, etc. We are here concerned solely with those women who engaged in "normal" premarital coitus.) Having been "carried away" by sexual passion was a rationalization which many girls and women did advance for their initial act of coitus, but a closer look at the situation generally led to the conclusion that passion and desire had very little to do with their decision.

Passion in this sense is often employed as a handy excuse by the girl who had made a conscious decision to lose her virginity but who would rather give the impression that her actions were unplanned and accidental. At the sorority house discussion group mentioned above, one girl told the group that she had decided to have sexual intercourse with a certain boy several hours before he called for her. At the conclusion of the evening, the

boy parked his car in its usual spot and the two went to the back seat, as they had been doing for the past several weeks.

"This time," she said, "I just didn't stop him. I let everything go on, the way it always did, but I didn't stop him or offer any resistance. I think he was quite surprised by this. Afterward, after we had intercourse, I got a little misty-eyed and told him how I hadn't planned this at all, how I just got so excited that I got carried away with myself. I wasn't consciously lying because at the time I actually believed all of this myself. Then later I remembered that I had decided to have intercourse before he even picked me up, and that there was never any question of getting overwhelmed with passion, since I had made the decision before passion had anything to do with it."

"I never felt really frustrated when I was a virgin," another girl reported. "Emotionally frustrated, of course, but not physically frustrated, not the feeling that I really had to go all the way in order to relax or to enjoy myself. I could see how a girl might have that feeling if she never got too involved in petting techniques, but if you make a real thing of petting, and if petting leads to orgasm, there's no actual physical frustration. You feel you're missing something, of course, but you don't feel frustrated."

Other girls echoed these sentiments. One thoughtful young woman stated that, when she first had coitus, she felt she was giving up a certain amount of satisfaction for that evening—initial coitus was not especially exciting or pleasurable, whereas petting would have been more satisfactory in both respects.

"Here's one funny thing," one girl said. "Nowadays, I can see myself getting carried away, getting overcome by desire and winding up in bed with someone without having planned it. I'm not a virgin now, and the little network of stimuli and responses is established, so that certain types of excitement will have the effect of making me think in terms of getting pleasure from intercourse. In other words, I've gone that route before, so passion

could set me thinking that way. But for a virgin, I don't believe it could really happen that way. The mental connections have never been made, there's no intuitive association between intercourse and sexual pleasure, no frame of reference, and on top of that there's all the basic fear to balance desire and bury it. So I honestly can't believe it when I hear about a girl who went ahead and did it because she couldn't stop herself. It just doesn't make sense to me."

If sexual desire plays a small role in rendering the virgin an extinct animal on the college campus, just what forces do have this effect? What elements make premarital intercourse attractive for girls who could not have regarded it as wholesome or permissible earlier?

Perhaps one of the major contributing factors, one which serves to reinforce and lend substance to all the other pressures against virginity, is the tremendous increase in opportunity for sexual intercourse. Freedom from supervision is only a small part of this "opportunity." It is composed of a whole slew of elements—constant exposure to the opposite sex, unlimited dating situations, ready access to private social space, and so forth and so on. Under such conditions, a girl's sexual attitudes can very easily undergo a shift.

"One thing which I found out," a girl said to me, "was that one of the main reasons why so few of us went all the way in high school was that it was a lot harder to do it there, there were more obstacles in the way and there was a less constant sort of temptation. I dated once or twice a week during high school, and I was expected to be home at a certain time, and I rarely was in a situation where no one knew where I was for any substantial length of time. There was this general feeling of being watched, this feeling that if I ever did anything really wrong, it would be discovered.

"At college, you're thrown into contact with boys all the time, and in a fairly mature social situation, not as a couple of very young kids in a high school classroom. You

can date every night if you want, and privacy is always just around the corner. There's the campus itself in warmer weather, or an automobile, or, once you've broken the ice and you don't have to make excuses for yourself, there's always a motel where the bed has clean sheets and the door has a lock on it. What it comes to, I suppose, is that the college situation gives you a great deal more in the way of opportunity for sex, and at the same time throws you into contact with men so that sex is always in the picture."

This *increased opportunity* for sex is very significant. Many girls have stated, in one way or another, that they might well have had coitus during high school if it had been as easy there as it was in college. This is not to say that increased opportunity alone is largely responsible for the difference in sexual behavior of the high school girl and the college woman; this of course is not the case. But this increased opportunity does create an atmosphere infinitely more conducive to sexual freedom, thus making the various pressures against virginity considerably more effective.

One might then hurry to the assumption that stringent regulations, strict supervision, and even separate colleges for men and women are the most effective means of controlling sexual excesses among college girls. But it seems, on closer observation, that almost any college atmosphere is sufficiently "free" to facilitate sexual intercourse for couples otherwise amenable to such conduct. A college with more liberal rules for social conduct may make the matter simpler and easier, but one would have a hard time proving that strict rules and rigid curfews ever kept a college girl from losing her virginity once she put her mind to it.

The initial plunge that removes a girl from the ranks of virgins is often undertaken for a singularly asexual reason —i.e., in order to reflect maturity. Just as society seeks to reserve sexual congress for adults, so do the young tend to identify sexual experience as a badge of adulthood.

"They teach you to be a woman here," a college girl said cynically, "and then they expect you to accompany your womanhood with a child's view of sex. It's certainly as important to be a woman in a bedroom as in a classroom. A girl who only permits herself to grow and mature academically at college is growing up lopsided. It's only reasonable to expect that sexual maturity will come with maturity in other areas, at a pace suited to the girl herself."

Modern times are marked by a notable desire on the part of our young to grow old as quickly as possible and in every possible respect; one could even suggest that a young man who became senile at age eighteen might well be the envy of all his fellows. And this great desire for maturity, and for the trappings of maturity, constitutes a very strong motive for sexual experience.

One might gather that this type of pressure would work in an extremely artificial manner, with girls simply deciding to have sexual affairs in order to show themselves as mature women. This is an invalid simplification, much on the order of the assertion that young boys smoke in order to appear older than their years. Young boys smoke, more often than not, because smoking fits in with their image of maturity and virility for such-and-such an age group. By the same token, college girls may find that sexual experience is a necessary component of their self-image if they are to regard themselves as mature women.

"Paul [her seducer] had a great many arguments as to why we should sleep together," one girl confided. "He wanted to have sex with me and of course he did a lot of talking, trying to talk me into it. I think one of the things he said, one that really reached me, was that it was hard for him to think of me as a woman when I insisted on acting like a girl in sexual matters."

I asked her if she had felt at the time that this argument was merely designed to persuade her to have sex.

"Oh, I knew that," she said. "But still I could see the truth in what he said, no matter *why* he was saying it.

There is something very odd about taking on all the trappings of adulthood except for the sexual freedom. It doesn't make sense, if you stop to think of it. I didn't decide to sleep with Paul just for that reason, of course. I finally gave in mainly because he wanted to, very much, and I liked him, and there was no real reason not to do it that could stop me. But that one argument of his impressed me a great deal."

The distinction between high school and college becomes quite obvious here. A high school girl may want to act mature and to reflect maturity, but she is hardly likely to think of herself as a woman, to view herself as a physically and emotionally mature adult. If anything, she is apt to regard high school as a time during which she prepares for college, not a time for her to prepare to be a woman. As far as sex is concerned, she will generally feel that the final act of sex—coitus—is something to be reserved for adulthood.

In college, she sees herself as an adult. Sexual activity is now no longer thought of as something to be put off until some date when she is older or more mature. If premarital intercourse is acceptable to her at all, it will be acceptable to her during her years on the college campus.

A basic principle here, and one that we ought to note, is that the average young person today is inclined to accept premarital coitus as perfectly acceptable *after a certain point in time.* "If I don't get married by the time I'm twenty-five, I'll have love affairs without a second thought," one young virgin said recklessly. This same girl, a generation or two ago, might have thought that it was immoral for an unmarried girl to have sexual affairs whatever her age. But today's young persons are not at all inclined to accept celibacy as a natural state of affairs for the permanently unmarried.

The virginal spinster was once regarded as a woman who had made the only morally tenable adjustment to the unmarried state; now we are more likely to think of her as a neurotically repressed woman to be compared most unfavorably to the sexually experienced career girl.

Maturity is a concept which includes sexual activity, whether one is married or not.

Because of widespread sentiment to this effect, a college girl is under great pressure to have sexual relations if she is to consider herself mature and to be considered mature either by the men in her life or by her girl friends. And, needless to say, the less firmly convinced she is about her own relative maturity, the greater will be her need to assert herself in this respect. Much as a latent homosexual feels the need to prove his masculinity, so does the person in doubt of his or her maturity feel a particularly strong need to give proof to self and to others of this maturity's existence.

Sheila Halloran was nineteen years old when I saw her. She was also three months pregnant. As soon as she discovered her pregnancy, she and her lover were immediately married. Sheila withdrew from school; she got a job as a clerk in a retail store, intending to work until it was time for her to give birth.

Shortly after the wedding, Sheila lapsed into a deep period of depression which seemed to be heading her toward a nervous breakdown. She found her sales job "unbearable," stood brooding at the window for hours on end, became uncommunicative, and so forth. All of this stemmed from the sudden upheaval in her life, from the feeling that she had forced her husband into marriage, and from other personal problems which need not concern us here. However, in treatment I did have occasion to discuss premarital coitus with Sheila.

According to her, her major reason for "giving in" to her lover was, simply, love. "When I think about it," she said, "I have trouble deciding whether or not I was really in love with him or not, at the time. But I wanted . . . we both wanted, really . . . a love relationship. We felt very close to each other emotionally, and it seemed only proper and sensible to be close in a physical way as well. If sex was something else that we could share, some-

thing likely to draw us closer together, it seemed ridiculous for us to deny ourselves that bond."

"The fact that you were not married didn't seem important?"

"Not really. I'm no believer in the wait-until-you're-married school of thought, as though you need a license to make love. And the idea of waiting until you're engaged, well, that just makes a mockery of the whole thing, as though an engagement were a period of time during which you slept together but lived apart. If you love each other, you don't need any formal bond for it to be all right." A pause. "That was the way we felt."

"Did you think then that you and this boy would eventually be married?"

"Sometimes I thought so. We didn't talk about it very much. Sometimes I thought no, that we would break up before then."

"Did that bother you? The idea of having relations with a man and not marrying him?"

"Not very much. Because I don't feel that the sort of man I would want to marry would care much whether his wife was a virgin when he met her. I know some men care, but the type of man I would love wouldn't care about that sort of thing. And if I've had a good relationship with a man, and sex has been a part of that relationship, and if it ended without our getting married, I don't see why I should regret any of it—that I loved him, or that we had sex." She broke off suddenly and glanced down at her stomach, then patted it with her hand. "Of course," she said, grinning sourly, "there can be complications that didn't occur to me at the time."

The idea that a genuine love relationship ought to embody a full-scale sexual relationship is a powerful push against chastity, certainly. It works in two ways—a girl may want a sexual relationship with her boy friend in order to intensify their love relationship, as was the case with Sheila, or a girl may feel that a refusal to have coitus will be regarded by her boy friend as proof that she is

unwilling to commit herself emotionally. For more than a few collegiate couples, sexual intercourse is a formal declaration of the seriousness and depth of their relationship.

"John gave me his fraternity pin," one girl told me, "and the next night I gave him my maidenhead. It seemed like a fair exchange at the time, sort of like a double ring ceremony."

At the same time, it must be recognized that a great many young women who insist that they are "doing it for love" are not in love at all; other motives exist for their sexual conduct. As a graduate student said, "It's as rigidly formalized as haiku. I tell the girl I love her, and she swears she loves me, and we go to bed, and neither of us believes a solitary damned word of it."

Although conformity is not so much the leitmotif of college life that it is in high school, the desire to "be like everyone else" can also have the effect of making coitus attractive for a college girl. While individualism is a commodity quite highly valued on many campuses, and while idiosyncrasies are tolerated to a certain extent, the pressure to adhere to the mores of a given social order are very much in force. On the one hand, this need to conform has a steadying effect upon sexual behavior—deviant impulses are curbed, discretion is learned, and so forth. But by the same token, the girl who would remain a virgin for an unusually long period of time may feel a considerable amount of pressure from those around her.

"I'll tell you something," one senior girl said. "I was always a little slow socially, and I'm a pretty religious person, and for one reason or another I managed to remain a virgin until a month or two ago. Now that doesn't make me unique, but to be perfectly frank, there are very few girls I know who go through three full years of college without having sexual intercourse. There are some who stay virgins because nobody ever asks them, and there are others who are frigid or homosexual, but of the girls who date regularly and who don't have something wrong

with them, not many stay here for that length of time without going all the way.

"To tell you the truth, I was beginning to feel like a freak. When you manage to place yourself in a minority group in that respect, especially when it's something like sex, you get to the point where that's all you can think about. For example, I might walk into a room, just a group of girls in a room, and I couldn't help trying to guess how many of the girls in the room had had love affairs. By the time I was a junior, it would quite often be that I was the only one in the room who was still completely a virgin. After a while you can't think about anything else. Your mind amplifies all of this all out of proportion, and it's ridiculous. There was a point when I just decided that I wasn't going to let a little technicality like virginity make such a big thing in my life. I had been dating this one boy, and I knew he wanted to make love to me, and I also knew he thought I was just about unavailable, because senior-year virgins are such a rarity. And I went over all the arguments for chastity and I couldn't see how they made all that much sense, not when the whole thing was obviously making such a difference to me. So I let him have sex with me, and it was a lot less important than I had thought, and once the question of virginity was over and done with I was able to come to terms with sex. I could make a sexual adjustment that would be right for me because the pressure to be or not to be a virgin—that pressure didn't apply any more."

This girl no doubt overstated her dilemma; a college senior who is a virgin is hardly on a par with a leper walking the streets and calling out "Unclean" with every step. But her explanation surely illustrates the pressure which a girl in her position may well feel herself to be under. When a greater portion of one's peers have undergone a certain experience, especially one so intrinsically mysterious as sex, there is bound to be great pressure on a non-participant.

The tremendous importance in our culture of being

sexually adequate, of proving one's self as man or woman, lends considerable weight to this social pressure. The campus virgin may sooner or later worry that something is sexually wrong with her.

"If everybody else was doing it and I wasn't, maybe there was something the matter with me," one girl explained. "I could hardly help worrying about it. And I knew I was going to have sex sooner or later, so it made sense to have it sooner so that I could be sure that I was all right, that I wasn't frigid or a lesbian."

According to another girl, simple curiosity is a force which exerts a powerful pull. "Curiosity has killed a lot more than the cat," this girl said. "When it comes to sex, I've never met a girl who didn't wonder what it was like. Everything from how it felt to how you felt about it afterward—this is the sort of thing high school girls wonder about and college freshmen stay up all night talking about, and all the talking and thinking and reading in the world never does give you the answer. And when other girls in your class have lost their virginity while you still haven't crossed that bridge, why, curiosity really gives you a jab in the ribs. Until sooner or later you wind up getting another sort of jab entirely."

Sorority houses and female dormitories seem to resound with this one cry—that it is hard to be a virgin for any length of time on a college campus. Between social pressure, sexual desire, love, the desire for maturity, and all the skills at the command of the potential seducer, it is difficult, these girls say, to retain one's chastity.

In a sense, though, it would seem that the major difficulty is not in living the life of a virgin, or even in avoiding the many paths which lead quickly to sexual activity; the truly difficult thing is desiring to remain a virgin. When the desire exists in good measure, the lot of the virgin does not seem that difficult, nor is the road she walks upon the college campus such a tortuous path.

"I decided a long time ago that I was going to stay a virgin until I'm married," one girl explained very calmly.

"It happens to mean something to me and I don't intend to apologize for it, not to anyone. It's the way I was brought up and it's the way I feel. I'm not a prude, and I wouldn't argue that what's right for me is right for everyone else on Earth. I couldn't even say for an absolute fact that, if I met a man and fell in love with him and we were going to be married, well, that we would necessarily wait for the wedding. I think we would, but I couldn't say that for certain."

She went on to say that she did not feel any great pressures to have coitus, did not find it difficult to remain chaste. "Some boys only want to make out," she said. "Not that they're sex maniacs, but that they expect to have sex as a big ingredient in any relationship. I don't go out with that type of boy generally; I don't have a good time with them and they don't enjoy my company very much. It's a personality thing, we just don't hit it off that well.

"But there are boys who aren't that concerned about making out, who want mainly to have a good time, and with them I don't feel any great sexual pressure. If you happen to want to stay a virgin, if you really feel that it's the right thing to do and that there is value in it for you, then I don't think you'll find that much of a problem. I really don't. But I can see how it would be very hard to keep from going all the way with a boy if it didn't mean that much to you in the first place."

This is a very valid point. It might well be said that the strongest campus pressure against virginity is the absence, for so many girls, of any strong pressure *for* chastity. All those factors which can motivate a girl to have coitus before marriage can only work effectively when they meet with little resistance. Water does not flow uphill, and, with the singular exception of rape victims, no girl loses her virginity when she really desires to retain it.

Rebellion as an Aphrodisiac

THE ROAD to personal independence of which the college experience is a part is not invariably as smooth or as level as a superhighway. It may wind, may curve around mountain passes, may be rough and choppy in stretches. During the college years, young men and women are expected to become independent—socially, intellectually, financially, sexually, and in countless other ways. They are expected to proceed to this independence in orderly stages, getting a little more rope at each stage, and hopefully not using this rope to hang themselves.

But it doesn't always work this way. Frequently the years at college are characterized by one or another form of rebellion, mild or intense, laudable or slightly laughable.

There are a couple of major reasons for this sort of collegiate rebellion. On the one hand, the college student's

mind is assaulted by an extraordinary mass of new knowledge. All at once he begins to see every aspect of the world in a substantially new light. He examines life from whole viewpoints which he never knew existed.

A young man from a rural community in Indiana described his initial reaction to campus life in this fashion —"Before I got to college, everything was very pat and simple. I had all the answers, just as everybody back home had all the answers. If you followed the lead of the First Baptist Church and the Republican Party you couldn't miss. You were in favor of capitalism and God and mother and the flag—not out of any deep thought-out conviction, but because you took it on faith, like a Fifteenth-Century peasant took the divine right of kings. I had never learned to question anything, had never made any attempt at formulating my own values, because it had never occurred to me to doubt the values that were handed to me."

But as soon as a student begins to see that things are not as black and white as they seemed in high school, the reaction may be a dramatic one. The collegiate rebel often explodes into defiant rejection of all the attitudes and values which characterized his life previously. He throws them aside en masse.

If he suddenly learns that the capitalistic system is not completely devoid of inequity, a shock perhaps after the rosy patriotism of high school days, he swings to the opposite extreme and proclaims himself a socialist. If Fundamentalist religion does not seem to jibe with scientific argument, he becomes an atheist. If marriage and the family seems a meaningless bourgeois convention, "free love" is embraced as more real and vital an expression of sexuality.

"It seems rather odd now," a young mother said to me, reflectively, "but I guess I first went to bed with a boy because I had stopped believing in God. I was fairly wild for a while then. I don't suppose it hurt me very much, and I have no great cause to regret what I did, but I really have to laugh at the whole situation, the way it

took form. It's hard for me to remember what I was like, such a crazy kid. So young, and so very sure of myself, so certain about the validity of any opinions I held. Everything was black and white then. In the space of a month I forswore orthodox religion, representational art, lipstick and chastity.

"And it took me a long time to see that atheism could be as annoyingly dogmatic as orthodoxy, and that Rembrandt could be as exciting as Jackson Pollack, and that sleeping around indiscriminately was as phony and regimented as keeping one's knees glued together until the end of time.

"In the meantime, there was a period of, oh, two years when I was genuinely promiscuous. I slept around. I didn't have to be in love with a boy, or anything like that. If he wanted to make love to me and if I found him sexually attractive, well, away we went. I wasn't a nymphomaniac. There was no excessive physical need, and I wasn't compulsive about it. I was just loose in the fullest sense of the word."

In the same light, sexual rebellion may often be seen as simply a facet of general rebellion, indulged in as much for consistency's sake as anything else. The maintenance of bourgeois sexual standards seems rather absurd when all other middle-class values are overthrown, and many girls who might otherwise stay closer to chastity are thus led away from it.

"My freshman year," one girl said, "I was going with a boy, and we were part of the radical element on campus. You know, walking barefoot, wearing dungarees and sweatshirts all the time, prattling about a world with all the conventions ripped away. I was a virgin and I wanted to stay that way, at least for the time being.

"He was two years ahead of me in school. At first I guess he thought I would come around sooner or later, that in a fairly short period of time I would let him make love to me. Then he began teasing me, and finally I guess he got to resent my virginity pretty much. He became sarcastic and a little bitter about it. He asked me just

how bohemian I thought I was, just what kind of a free spirit I considered myself, when I still subscribed to society's judgments concerning sex.

"Now he only said this because he wanted to make love to me, but at the same time, he was *right*. We all insisted that we believed in free love, of course, and here I was insisting on my belief in free love and also refusing to participate in it. A pretty schizoid attitude, I guess. So I let him make love to me, and whenever I was going with a boy after that, whenever I was involved in a dating relationship, then we would have coitus. I wasn't a tramp, and I didn't have sex with every boy I was friendly with or everyone that I dated, but I made sex a full part of any real emotional relationship. I would have felt foolish otherwise, as though I was being a complete phony."

The question of the effect of this sort of sexual rebellion upon the girls involved is a fairly important one. In the greater majority of cases, rebellion of this nature is an essentially transitory phenomenon, a phase which the girl involved passes through and a phase which, for the most part, leaves little in the way of permanent scars. As a matter of fact, it is precisely those students who do engage in rebellious patterns during the college experience who are most likely to function as vital parts of the college community, who enrich that community, and who are apt to emerge from the experience as more dynamic and individualistic persons.

Dr. Paul A. Heist of the Center for the Study of Higher Education at the University of California made an intensive study of college students recently and reached this particular conclusion. It is the intentional non-conformists, he holds, who provide a large portion of the activity to be found on the college campus. In an Ohio college undergraduate newspaper, he was quoted as describing this non-conformist element as the "saving grace of the school" and "the most provocative influence."

This is not to say that the patterns of non-conformist rebellion are patterns one would wish to see an individ-

ual pursue throughout his life, or that these patterns are particularly sound or intrinsically valid in and of themselves. One need be no great logician to conclude that students strike no blows for the betterment of mankind by going barefoot, or that the girl who makes herself sexually available is not winning great victories for humanity every time she raises her skirts.

But the fact remains that this rebellion is valuable. In our culture, children grow up with sets of values—some of them worthwhile, others less so—but all of them imposed uniformly from above, by parents. These values are generally the same values as those held by society as a whole, at least on a normative level.

As the child becomes an adult, it is his increasing responsibility to form his own values, to determine a way of life most likely to contribute to his own personal satisfaction. In the long run, his ultimate personal values will probably be pretty much in line with the values of society as a whole; he will probably be less puritanical and less altruistic than society *professes* to be, as is everyone else, but his existential value system will more or less mirror that of the rest of the world.

Now, he may arrive at this situation in either of two ways. He may simply accept as an adult everything he has been taught as a child, accepting all of this without a question. Or he may rebel, rejecting out of hand everything which has been given to him and gradually forming a value system of his own. In the former case, there is no real growth at all, and there is no reason to feel that the individual has exercised any personal responsibility in developing mature values. In the latter case, the individual will generally grow to the point where he accepts society's prevailing values, perhaps in slightly modified form. But he will then be on sure ground, having gotten his point by himself.

To return to the level of sexual rebellion, the point made is simply this—that girls who function in college as sexual rebels because they reject established social

mores rarely continue promiscuous or socially unacceptable sexual behavior for any great length of time.

In my book, *The Sexually Promiscuous Female*, I devoted some space to observations regarding college girls whose rebellion took the form of not merely a break with chastity and loss of virginity but of out-and-out indiscriminate promiscuity. I observed that—

> In the greater majority of cases, the girl grows through her stage of sexual rebellion and enters into a state of adult sexuality none the worse for her collegiate excesses. There are even times when a certain positive value can be ascribed to her conduct, if only indirectly. The girl who has played around during her college years is often more capable of meeting the sexual demands of marriage, less apt to wax unrealistically romantic and, in a sense, may be genuinely more mature for having misbehaved during her years on campus.

A different sort of rebellion may also serve to motivate sexual license on the college campus. In this case, rebellion is less a general pattern than a specifically sexual affair, with excessive promiscuity oftentimes a feature of the rebellion. In such instances, the girl involved is not groping about for values but lashing out at some personal demon—a too-strict background, a family conflict, a sense of inferiority, etc. Sexual excess represents an unfounded and neurotic attempt to cope with a personal problem which seems otherwise to defy solution.

Beverly Warren's case history illustrates this situation rather well. Beverly, an attractive and extremely intelligent young girl, was born and grew up in the New York metropolitan area. Her mother and father were divorced when Beverly was eight years old, and Beverly was placed in her mother's custody. The mother remarried two years later and divorced her second husband three years thereafter. Beverly's mother was a very talented

woman, an interior decorator of considerable ability who earned a handsome salary. Throughout the girl's childhood, she and her mother moved frequently, from one apartment to another, from Manhattan to Long Island to a suburb to Manhattan again. Beverly attended five different grammar schools and three high schools, and spent one year at a New England boarding school.

By the time Beverly went off to Powder Horn College, she had managed to live through a very hectic seventeen years. The total instability of her family environment, the lack of a father, the feeling of impermanence which characterized every home environment she had—all of these factors conspired to produce an exceptionally insecure individual, which was only to be expected.

Furthermore, the constant moving from place to place had kept Beverly from learning to relate in social situations with persons her own age. At each school she attended, Beverly was on the outside of the various social cliques—she was never in one place long enough to gain acceptance, and constant rejection in this form led her to erect a whole system of defenses to blunt the sting of social rejection.

In addition, she resented her mother to a great degree, and was simultaneously bound to her mother in that the mother was the only person Beverly had ever been able to be close to for any length of time. She had never been able to develop a long-term friendship with anyone her own age, male or female. Whenever she did make a friend, the friendship was ruptured when Beverly's mother moved to another place. She had been without a father for the past eight years and had been merely confused in her relations with her mother's various friends and lovers.

She resented her mother's coldness, hated her mother for the difficult environment which the woman had created for her, felt herself competing with her mother for the attention of males, and was drawn to her mother as the only stable and constant element in an essentially strange and dangerous world. This ambivalence did not

come into the open during her high school years, but was internalized and expressed itself only in periods of moodiness. But once Beverly was on her own at college, all the inner conflicts which she felt had the chance to show themselves in their entirety.

"When I got to Powder Horn," she said, "the first thing I felt was that I was completely alone. I had had that feeling before, at the boarding high school, but I was there for less than a year and that was an artificial affair, my mother was going with a married man then and everything was confused, so it was a special case. But this was going to be for four years, and I didn't know anyone there, not a soul, and my mother wasn't going to be around. I was alone."

Powder Horn was a small co-educational college in upper New York State. Beverly roomed in a dormitory with a girl from St. Louis, majored in English, took a battery of general education courses and gave the promise of doing well academically. Also, she found herself more involved in social activities than had formerly been the case. At college, she was once more cast into a social situation where she was a stranger, but here at least she was not facing an established clique. Her classmates were as friendless and unestablished as she was. As a result, she began to develop some sound personal relationships for the first time.

"The first few weeks," she told me, "it looked as though everything was really going to swing. I was getting involved in my classes and getting excited about the people there, everything, and I was thinking that I was involved in a really good situation, that I was going to enjoy it there. Things didn't work out that way."

The problem was two-fold. On the one hand, Beverly had grown to depend tremendously upon her mother. Now, with her mother unavailable, she reacted by blaming her mother for "rejecting" her by sending her away to school, and at the same time told herself she was glad to "escape" from her mother, glad to be off on her own for once. At the same time, she was performing in disap-

pointing fashion in her classes. Her schoolwork was going well enough, actually, but Beverly was used to being at the top of her class throughout grade school and high school and was only doing average work at college.

This is a common problem for college freshmen, especially in the better schools. In the more average company of high school, they have done outstanding work without pushing themselves anywhere near the limit of their intelligence. At college, suddenly tossed into the company of other persons who are their equals in intelligence, they no longer distinguish themselves to any great degree.

When an individual is emotionally secure and is not beset by any great feelings of inferiority, this is no problem. But in some cases the image of one's self as intellectually superior to the common herd is the only prop an individual has to sustain his or her sense of self-esteem. This was the case with Beverly, and having this prop kicked out from under her was a fairly crushing blow.

"In grade school and high school," she said, "I would walk into a school in the middle of the semester, and after a week I would be getting the top grades in my class. Now all of a sudden I was finding out that I wasn't Little Miss Einstein after all. It kind of shook me up."

Beverly Warren attempted to revenge herself upon her mother for this rejection and for all the other evils the mother had perpetrated upon her. She also tried to outdo those students who had surprised her by proving themselves her academic equals. For these reasons, and for a few other less obvious motives with which we need not concern ourselves here, Beverly "rebelled" by suddenly slipping into loose sexual behavior.

"I never did more than light necking in high school. Then at Powder Horn I was out with a boy one night, and he parked the car, and we were necking a little, and I just told myself, well, the hell with it. I decided I would let him do whatever he wanted to do, that I would show him and everyone else. I decided I didn't give a damn, and he was surprised, I guess, that I didn't stop him, and we had sexual intercourse. I didn't reach orgasm, and it

was a little painful, but even so I found it all very thrilling. I was very excited afterward about what I had done. I can't pin down those feelings, but I was excited."

I asked her if she had been ashamed of herself. She said she had not. I asked her, then, if she had felt guilty.

"Not guilty," she said. "After all, I wasn't doing anything that my mother didn't do often enough, and without being married. I felt I was doing something exciting, something forbidden, but not something which I felt was that wrong, exactly. And I suppose I got a kick out of thinking that if she knew about it—my mother, that is—that it would really shock her."

Sex was also an especially effective form for Beverly's rebellion to take because it provided an illusion of love, and love was a commodity which was in short supply during her mother's absence. Although Beverly generally denied any feelings of love during sex, it was obvious that she enjoyed sex largely because it enabled her to feel desirable and desired. She was completely promiscuous because she was afraid to make a personal emotional commitment to any one individual for fear of being rejected, but she did need the illusion of love which sexual contact provided.

Finally, sex permitted her to compete with her mother. Beverly had always had a confused image of her mother. On the one hand the woman was a mother-figure, of course, yet at the same time she was a very attractive woman who took pains to look younger than her years, a woman who led a very active sex life which she did not manage to conceal from her daughter. Whenever Beverly had sex with a male, she was symbolically taking a man away from her mother. We need not examine the precise manner in which these unconscious motives operate, but we ought to realize that Beverly's rebellion thus managed to satisfy a great many inner needs, most of them more significant than any simple desire for purely sexual satisfaction.

Unlike the other girls we discussed earlier in this chapter, Beverly was not rebelling in a healthy manner. Her

rebellion was not the outgrowth of an attempt to develop as a mature individual. On the contrary, it was a definite attempt to employ antisocial sexual behavior for the resolution of personal problems and neurotic fears and insecurities. As such, it was foredoomed to failure, and was likely to engender deep and abiding problems.

In this connection, it is worth noting that Beverly's attitude toward sex was unwholesome. She was not simply incorporating sex into relationships where it might not have belonged; instead, she was indulging in promiscuous sex for its own sake, and was doing so for emotional and essentially asexual purposes. The whole pattern was one which could hardly help resulting in profound ego-damage coupled with a less than desirable view of sexual activity itself.

The resultant behavior patterns which dominated Beverly's life for the next five years bore out this observation. She did not remain unilaterally promiscuous during that time; instead, she went through drastic up-and-down cycles, varying from rank promiscuity to sterile and antiseptic chastity. There were periods of time when she would avoid all contact with men, plunging into studies or, after college, devoting herself to her work with the single-mindedness of a monk burying himself in religious matters. Then she would swing to the opposite extreme, ignoring studies, quitting her job, and sleeping with any man who presented himself.

She was never happy, not when she was behaving wildly and not when she was repressing all sexual impulses. In either instance, she was acting in an essentially unnatural fashion because of her own personality problems. An extensive program of psychotherapy, aimed at bringing her a profound understanding of her own emotional situation and the reasons for her behavior, was necessary in order to effect any lasting improvement for Beverly.

Her problem, of course, was not one which developed because of the nature of her college experience—its roots

were deep ones deriving from the basic nature of her personality and prior history. But the college situation was an "ideal" one for the development of her special pattern of sexually-oriented rebellion. It added an extra element of frustration and insecurity, gave her the freedom to give free rein to her rebellious impulses, and generally provided a rich environment for just such a program of rebellion as she instituted.

A less vehement aura of rebellion often characterizes the sexual experimentation of college girls to one degree or another. Girls who are in great conflict with either societal mores or parental control may turn to the more dramatic forms of rebellion, as we have seen. But a great many girls may have their sexual activity provoked to a certain extent by the desire to "show someone," to do something moderately outrageous, or whatever.

A sophomore at Illinois State, for example, had been dating a law student for some time. He had been trying to seduce her, and she had continually managed to avoid seduction. One evening he said, sarcastically, "What's the matter, wouldn't your folks like it if you let yourself go?" This line of argument somehow turned the trick; the girl had an inner need to assert herself, to show her independence, to do something, that is, that her parents wouldn't like.

Another girl rebelled more against the authority of the school itself than against authoritarian parents. After a year at a liberal and permissive school in the Far West, this girl transferred to a rather cloistered college where the students were closely supervised, where a rather rigid curfew was meticulously enforced—a school, in effect, which supplied the girl with far less in the way of freedom than she had previously enjoyed.

This particular girl had survived her year at the permissive school with her virginity intact. She later told me that she had felt no great impetus toward sexual intercourse at the western school. She dated there, and in-

dulged in what seems to be the normal quotient of necking and petting, but did not have coitus, although provided with ample opportunities for such activity.

But, on the campus of the second college, this particular girl succeeded in losing her virginity within the first two months at the school. The rigid curfew was cleverly escaped, the strict supervision was carefully dodged, and the girl did here what she had not been strongly tempted to do under conditions which would have seemed to be better for sexual intercourse. For this individual girl, sex had thrived under adverse conditions like those rugged shrubs which can only prosper in deserts.

"They made it a challenge," she explained. "They set up obnoxious rules, and you couldn't help hating those rules and wanting to break them, to break some of them just for the sheer sake of breaking them. It wasn't the lure of forbidden fruit as much as it was the idea of breaking rules which should not have been made in the first place. And so I wound up going farther than I would have gone in a more lenient environment. The fact that there was so much supervision designed to protect you from the perils of copulation provided it with a moral justification –doing it, I mean. If they told you that you couldn't, that made it somehow morally right to do it anyway."

This case—and it is hardly an isolated example—provides a good rejoinder to those who would argue that the best control over collegiate sex is a strict body of rules and regulations. One can argue that such rules and regulations discourage overt sexual activity, and one can as well argue that they have the opposite effect. It would appear that the effects of strict or permissive atmospheres vary with the individual students involved; one student will be moved to rebel excessively against the authoritarian stricture of one college, while another student will find himself incapable of measuring up to the responsibility demanded of one by a more permissive school. We will examine the ramifications of a school's regulatory capacity in a later chapter, but this one example should

serve for the present to show that the situation is by no means all black or all white.

Rebellion surely has aphrodisiacal propensities, whether the rebellion is directed toward some special authoritarian element or toward general societal values, whether the rebellion is specifically sexual or a more general behavioral shift, and whether the total pattern of rebellion is a healthy sign of an emerging individual or an unhealthy sign of a disturbed personality. The end-product, behaviorally, may range from loss of chastity to promiscuity to abnormal sexual behavior; the final results, while no tragedy in the majority of cases, can occasionally take the form of disaster, either through the mechanics of pregnancy and forced marriage or through the more subtly shattering medium of a complete distortion of one's image of self and sex.

Special Problems of the College for Women

"I WOULDN'T SEND Barbara to a co-educational school," a woman told my wife not long ago. "Maybe I'm too protective, but I know Barbara, and I know what an unhappy love affair would do to her, and I'm horrified at the thought of her having sexual relations at this age. She'll be a good deal safer at a good girls' school."

And at a cocktail party I heard a man say, "College should be more for a girl than preparation for marriage. A girl has a right to get a decent education, and the fact remains that she can get a better education at a college for women. The social pressure isn't as intense. You don't have as much of a dating ratrace there. The way things stand, a girl at a co-ed school never has time for an education."

"If there were men at Greybarr," another woman said, more bluntly, "my darling daughter would come home pregnant."

It seems, then, that in the popular mind the college for women is seen as sexually safer than the co-educational college or university. A girl on an all-female campus is thought to be less apt to lose her virginity, less apt to "get pregnant," and less apt to spend time on her social life that might better be reserved for academic pursuits. This is one very definite side of the picture as some persons may imagine it to be.

On the other side, a considerable number of laymen express a great deal of reservation toward the college for women. "You hear a lot about those schools," one parent said. "I suppose you have to discount a lot of what you hear, but I can't get away from the impression that so many of the girls at those schools have sex with each other."

"They're all by themselves there," another man said. "All girls, not a man around aside from the janitors and the professors. Then there's a dance, or some Yale men float up for the weekend, and those girls are so man-hungry by that time that they go out of their minds. If they had men around all the time they would be more at home with them, but because they don't, they go wild when they are exposed to sex. Absence making the heart grow fonder—that sort of thing."

"At Illinois State my daughter may have sex before she gets married," said a mother, dryly. "She probably will. But I would very frankly prefer a daughter with a little sexual experience to a daughter who winds up a frozen-faced bitch who turns blue at the very sight of a man. I'd rather have my grandchildren born too soon after the wedding than not have any grandchildren at all."

We can see that some very strong convictions about these schools certainly exist, although the ideas are in conflict each with the next. It seems important to find some manner in which we can assess the actual ways in which all-girl colleges differ in atmosphere and effect from co-educational colleges and universities. As one might suspect, neither set of pat opinions is entirely correct or entirely fallacious. Schools of this sort have their

strengths and weaknesses, their good and bad points, with the relative validity of this educational establishment depending upon one's own standards of sexual morality and desirability and the particular personality of the individual student herself.

"If a girl is going to lose her virginity, it doesn't matter if you lock her up in a chastity belt and send her to a convent. If she is the kind of girl who is going to have coitus, she will just find a man one way or another, no matter where she is. And if she's going to stay a virgin, she'll manage to hang onto her virginity even if she goes to college at an army camp. There are always men around. You don't have to go to class with them in order to have sex with them. If there are more virgins to the square mile at Greybarr than there are at a co-ed school, that's probably because the virginal type is more likely to come to a manless college. It's certainly not because a girl at this place has a hard time getting slept with."

The speaker quoted above is a student at a school we'll call Greybarr College, a small college for women in New England, a long-established school with an excellent academic and social reputation. Her thesis, and one she defended rather intelligently and perceptively, is that the presence or absence of men on campus has next to nothing to do with the sexual behavior of girls in college. Her argument certainly has a good deal of merit to it. In the preceding chapters we have seen enough of the various factors which motivate sexual behavior on the college campus to see how such forces will operate on one campus as well as they will on another. It seems evident, then, that there are enough outside variables other than whether a college is or is not co-educational to keep this factor from playing so predominant a role in determining the sexual experience an individual is likely to encounter in four years' time.

Even so, it would be just as absurd to deny that there are distinct qualitative differences between a college composed exclusively of women and one attended by

both sexes. The social environment differs greatly in this respect.

One of the most obvious distinctions, and one which will often be viewed as a fault of the college for women, is that the social (and sexual) environment is further removed from the social environment of the outside world. "Greybarr is one more step from reality," a student put it. "Any college would have to be very different from the real world, but when it's not co-ed, that's another major gulf."

This aspect of unreality which is observable in the social environment may result in a pattern of dating behavior and sexual maturation which some students have characterized as *hectic, disjointed, hurried, psychotic, juvenile, jaded*—almost any sufficiently extreme adjective seems to fit for these critical observers. One rather articulate student referred to the social situation at a Massachusetts girls' college as "weekend sexuality." During the bulk of the week, she explained, sex did not actually exist. There was no constant social interaction with males, no flirting, none of the ritual that characterizes the mating process.

Then, on the weekend, the boys would come to campus—or the girls would go on weekend visits to neighboring men's schools. For a period of about forty-eight hours, everyone's interest was focused exclusively upon men, and, by extension, upon sex. The lack of male companionship during the rest of the week only served to make such companionship that much more attractive when it becomes suddenly—and temporarily—available.

This extreme division between the sexless and academic weekdays and the date-packed weekends has good points and bad points as well. On the one hand, one would hardly presume to deny that our society is one in which sex is overemphasized to a genuinely appalling degree. The pressures upon the young to be sexually attractive and sexually successful and sexually adequate are rather terrible pressures indeed.

It might seem, then, that a great deal would be gained

by educating sexes separately. The proximity of members of the opposite sex can hardly be considered other than sexually stimulating, certainly, and on a campus where contact with members of the opposite sex is at a minimum, such stimulation is likewise at a minimum and the emphasis placed on dating and popularity is considerably lessened. As one girl, a transfer from a co-educational school, put it, "Here you sit around brooding every weekend because you're unpopular with men. At the school I used to go to, you sat around brooding seven days a week. It's an improvement, believe me—three bad days instead of seven."

Another girl echoed these sentiments, but less cynically. "Not all girls are enormously poised when they get out of high school," she explained. "Some of us are; some of us date extensively during those years, and by the time we get to college we're utterly at ease with men. But I know that I myself wasn't like that. I was awkward as a stick in high school and if I had gone to a co-ed college I would have fallen flat on my face socially. But I came here instead, and there's quite a difference. A girl can learn to become secure here, and then she can gradually do her social growing-up at her own pace. If it takes her longer than usual to learn how to relate to man, well, fine—the pressure is off here and she can go as fast or slow as she's ready."

The immediate response to this argument, however, is that one hardly acquires a skill by avoiding those situations that call for its use, that one does not develop a weak arm by keeping it in a plaster cast. In a good number of cases, it would appear that those socially inept and sexually insecure girls who choose the cloistered environment of an all-girl college are merely retreating into an artificial environment which saves them from the necessity of maturing in this area.

Admittedly, the socially awkward individual can find a safe retreat almost anywhere; just as a lack of constant male companionship never preserved the chastity of a girl who was determined to lose hers, neither can a co-

educational environment force a girl to respond to socio-sexual situations. In any event she may withdraw—to her books, to the company of other girls, or into herself.

But this withdrawal is certainly made simpler on the campus of the college for women. While such an arrangement may permit one girl to grow into social situations "at her own pace," it will have an opposite effect upon another girl; she may not grow into them at all, and will be suddenly precipitated into the "real world" upon graduation from college, no better equipped for it than before but older and less able to adapt to an uncomfortable situation.

"I don't know how to get along with men," a young woman told me not long ago. "I want to be able to, I want to date and fall in love and get married. I'm not unattractive, I'm not stupid, but men are like . . . well, a foreign country. I've gotten used to a convenient little world in which they don't exist, and the way I feel now, it would be all too easy to close my eyes and stay in that neat little world and repress any sexual impulses that I have left. Just close my eyes and rush right through life without ever really becoming a woman."

And a partner in a Chicago advertising agency, brought into contact with a whole host of hopeful young college graduates, said that he was often able to distinguish between the graduates of girls' schools and co-ed institutions.

"They are all bright young ladies," he said. "Wherever they went to school, they're all eager and aware and anxious to meet up with some challenging work. Fine and good. But the ones who went to women's colleges are, well, off-balance. They'll be quite mature intellectually, very bright and very articulate, but in a social situation they're inclined to behave a few years younger than they actually are. Sometimes it's refreshing to see this quality about them and sometimes it's disarming, even annoying, to catch them giggle and blush and act generally immature. I'm exaggerating this a little, but the distinction is there and you can't help noticing it. They are not as

skilled at handling a social situation involving men, *especially when that situation is combined with their work*. That's the big thing. They may be all right on straight dates, but when sexual interaction is combined with the job they get flustered."

The final point here is interesting. The combination of a work and a sexual situation—i.e., a job situation in which relating with men is involved—is the situation in which the graduate of schools like Greybarr is most likely to come a cropper. And this only stands to reason. For these girls have been deprived of male companionship not in purely social situations—the weekends yield a surfeit of that for those able to avail themselves—but they have been deprived singularly of the casual companionship of men in the course of ordinary day-to-day living. And it is in precisely such situations in later life that they may give evidence of their immaturity and awkwardness.

"You develop a distorted view of the world," a girl said, critical of her experience at an all-girl school in a Philadelphia suburb. "Your understanding of sex has to be limited—and that holds true whether you come out of school a sheltered little virgin or the hottest number this side of Port Said. In either case, you've got a very singular picture of the role of sex—you think it's something to do on the weekend.

"And in the same way, you just don't know how to relate with men. I don't mean how to flirt, or how to handle men, because God knows they turn you into a sufficiently smooth and polished little bitch around this place. But you can't relate to men as friends, as individuals, because they remain either utter strangers or date partners to be met only on specifically social evenings. They are not persons you ask about a homework assignment, or have breakfast with at the cafe, or smoke a quick cigarette with between classes. They are not persons who share your life during your college days.

"This doesn't mean that you're going to turn into a lesbian, or wind up frigid, or be a pushover for any man

with a fast line of chatter. It doesn't mean that you'll marry too early or not at all, or that you'll blush when someone tells a dirty story, or that you'll swear like a trooper. All it means is that you won't think of men as people, not for a long time, and that you won't understand what sex really means, and that you'll have spent four of the most vital years of your life in an exceptionally artificial atmosphere.

"And that's plenty, believe me."

The basic artificiality of the all-girl college is perhaps its greatest universal drawback—i.e., a quality which makes it potentially bad to one degree or another for the greater majority of its students. But there are certain specific problems which may come up for some students at these colleges and not for others. On the one hand, one would almost as soon forego mentioning them in that a casual reader might infer that these difficulties are endemic at the non-co-educational college, which is of course not true at all. The tabloid mentality which seeks to regard America's fine women's colleges as hotbeds of lesbianism, nymphomania, or what-have-you, is hardly a mentality to which I have any desire of catering.

It may be necessary then to emphasize that a form of aberrant behavior such as lesbianism, for example, will directly affect no more than a minute proportion of the students at *any* college, co-educational or not. The incidence is demonstrably higher at all-female colleges, partially because active lesbians or girls with strong homosexual tendencies are more likely to choose such schools, but partially also, I would contend, because of the artificial sexual environment in existence at these schools which we have discussed above.

Again, no girl is forced into lesbianism at a girls' school, nor is any girl prevented from becoming a homosexual at a co-educational college. No such hard-and-fast rules apply. But for a certain percentage of girls, and a small percentage at that, the particular atmosphere prevalent on all-female campuses is such that lesbian

tendencies which might otherwise remain permanently dormant are brought out into the open. And, for other girls, lesbian behavior serves as a temporary step along the road to sexual maturity, a phase later to be discarded, a phase which, in a setting less suited to its growth, would be bypassed in this sexual maturation process.

How does this happen? For Lynn Hausbrauck, the process was a simple and singularly undramatic one. A Chicago girl, the daughter of upper-middle-class parents, Lynn attended Mandrill College in southern Vermont. Mandrill is a small, long-established college with a reputation for excellence in literature and the arts, general conservatism, and high academic standards.

During her high school years, Lynn had done well in a quiet sort of a way. She had dated regularly enough, had gone steady briefly and with no monumental repercussions, and had engaged in neither more nor less sex play that was the norm for members of her social set. I.e., she had petted in the back seats of cars, in movies, and in darkened living rooms, but had never permitted a date to touch her bare breasts or to caress her below the waist. She was regarded, and regarded herself, as neither fast nor slow, neither unduly passionate nor inordinately hard to arouse.

When she went off to Mandrill, Lynn had two main ambitions. First and foremost, she wanted to work hard at school, to do well academically, and to prepare herself for her chosen field, which, she felt, would probably lie somewhere in the publishing field. At the same time she hoped that college would provide her with a good social life, that she would date extensively, that she would meet "right" boys and, sooner or later, find one who would be ideal for her. Her plans were not too explicit in this regard; she was not certain that she wanted to marry early, or that she wanted to delay marriage in favor of her career. But these twin areas of interest motivated her to be a success both intellectually and socially.

At Mandrill, she plunged into her studies furiously. She took a heavy load of courses her first year, including

two advanced literature courses which were not generally open to freshmen. That year she shared a room with a Virginia girl with whom she had relatively little in common. At the beginning of the year, she buried herself utterly in her studies, so interested in them and so intent upon distinguishing herself that she did not bother to orient herself socially. The situation at Mandrill was such that this sort of retreat was easily achieved. During the main part of the week, Lynn acted very much like a socially well-adjusted girl, keeping to herself to a large extent and spending more time studying in her room or reading in the library, but otherwise doing much the same things as everyone else in her class. On weekends, or in any co-educational situations, she simply disappeared, withdrew into her own private world.

Her homosexual experiences began the following year. Over summer vacation, Lynn found herself quite miserable. In just a year's time she had managed to lose touch with her old high school friends to a great degree, and when she saw them again she found she had little in common with them. She spent the summer at home, working days and doing independent study at nights, not dating because she had no contacts with boys which would produce dates. Her parents didn't understand, and her mother prodded her to develop social contacts; all of this led to rather profound if subsurface resentment both for her parents and for the male sex in general. By the end of the summer, Lynn was anticipating her return to Mandrill as a retreat to a place where sexual pressures did not exist, where one could pass up the dating whirl without having to justify one's self.

During her sophomore year, Lynn roomed with a girl who was similarly asea socially, and who had already acquired a history of lesbianism, although Lynn did not know this at the time. Within a few brief months, Lynn had lost some of her extreme enthusiasm for academic matters, partly as a result of disagreement with one professor, partly perhaps because the novelty of selfless intellectual devotion was beginning to wear off. Now she

was ready to want social activity, dating and sexual involvement—but she had managed to exclude herself from the social life on campus, had developed no relationships with males, and, in ways which need not be considered in detail, had begun to resent men more and more.

The precise seduction of Lynn was a slow but sure matter, as she explained it to me. "I didn't know that Marcia was gay," she said, "but I did know that there were lesbians on campus. There was a little talk about some of the girls, and there was one couple who made it pretty obvious, walking arm in arm and spending a lot of time in their room with the door closed. It was a fairly obvious thing. I thought about it once in a while, about what it would be like, the same way I would think about what sex with a man might be like.

"As the time passed, Marcia and I got closer and closer. I felt cut off from the rest of the world and she seemed in the same boat and I learned to depend on her a great deal. The first time she kissed me it scared me a little, and then a few days later when she made a strong physical pass at me I got quite worried, I didn't understand what was happening. Then we had a few long talks, and she explained that she was homosexually experienced, and that she loved me and wanted to sleep with me, and from there on in, well, after a little thought and worry I decided why not, and that was that."

This is a history with no great dramatic value, certainly—and that is perhaps a large part of the point it makes. Lynn was quite an ordinary girl, with quite an ordinary personality and quite an ordinary background. Her career at Mandrill was not marked by any great traumatic experiences, nor was it beset by any dramatic rises and falls. It was all of a piece, a college experience of increasing social withdrawal, of fewer and fewer sexual contacts, to the point where a heretofore *normal* girl was emotionally prepared for sexual activity which would formerly have been unthinkable for her.

Cases of sexual development defy hypothetical anal-

ysis—one cannot say with assurance that Lynn would not have engaged in homosexual activity on a co-ed campus, for such a statement could only be conjecture. The basic assumptions can never be tested empirically. But it would seem a strong probability in cases like this one that the artificial social atmosphere of the women's college is a contributing factor in the development of abnormal behavior. One can hardly argue otherwise.

In much the same fashion, the special conditions of the women's college can facilitate repression which leads not to lesbianism but to the sort of frigidity which manifests itself in a virtually asexual life. A girl who fears men to begin with, or who is innately uncomfortable with them, or who is afraid of sex to a lesser or greater degree, may make a comparable retreat in a non-co-educational college, not to lesbianism but away from any or all sexual activity. Because she is under less pressure at such a school to make social adjustments, to learn to relate to men, and so on, she can "get by" with this sort of withdrawal from sex.

Furthermore, some girls react to this environment which we have been discussing in still another very different fashion, not by turning to homosexuality, not by turning away from sex entirely, but by becoming radically promiscuous. Sexually "wild" girls are not such a rare commodity in these colleges as one might think.

This situation arises, often enough, because girls' schools fail to foster the development of an adjusted and mature sexual outlet. A girl can too easily grow up with a high-school level of sexual comprehension in an older body and at an older intellectual plane. When opportunities for sexual activity are presented to a girl so endowed and unsupported by experience in sexual interaction, licentious behavior is hardly an unlikely result.

Abnormal sexual behavior of one sort or another plays an extremely minor role in the sexual pattern of any college, co-educational or not, and any picture of these all-female colleges as nests of abnormality or immorality is a thoroughly false picture. These colleges "foster" ab-

normal sexual behavior only insofar as they will provide certain types of girls—borderline cases, if you will—with an environment particularly conducive *in their cases* to abnormal sex.

What is certainly far more to be feared at women's colleges is not that a girl will "turn into a lesbian," that she will be frigid, that she will become promiscuous, or anything of the sort. The more genuine danger is far subtler than any of these, and it is simply that she will fail to reach sexual maturity as quickly or smoothly as she might in more ordinary surroundings, and that her sexual adjustment will be more or less impaired as a result.

This problem does not make good copy for the scandal peddlers, perhaps because there is nothing very scandalous about it. A girl's general inability to relate to males as individuals, to form a clearly realized image of herself as a sexual being, to regard a man as both friend and lover—these are not problems which make themselves very evident to the naked eye, nor do they serve to excite anyone's prurient interest. But they do have a very real effect. They make a girl's life difficult, they work against the success of subsequent marriages, and, in the overall picture, are far more significant than occasional isolated cases of homosexuality or nymphomania.

What we must bear in mind, however, is that the special (and, as we have seen, artificial) environment of the all-girl college has certain definite advantages. The lack of excess sexual diversion does definitely provide students with more time and opportunity for study, for one thing. And the special pressures of sex on the campus of the co-educational university may be far more dangerous to certain girls than the hazards of the college for women. If a girl has a good understanding of sex and a sufficient sense of balance, it probably does not matter too much where she goes to college. It is those girls who are uncertain or undeveloped or immature in one respect or another who will be especially out of sorts at a school devoid of male students—or, if their imbalance and

immaturity leans to the other side of the scale, who will be especially out of sorts on a co-ed campus.

All things being equal, I would say that co-educational college education is to be preferred for the greater majority of girls. It is more natural, surely, and constitutes a greater preparation for life in what is most certainly a co-educational world.

Special Problems of the Co-educational College

IN THE chapter immediately preceding this one, we had a look at some of the difficulties to be found in the concept of separate education for the two sexes. If we are to understand collegiate sex, we cannot fail to understand the special problems arising on the all-female campus.

But we must also appreciate the special sexual pressures which apply in singular fashion to those schools where male and female students attend classes together, are constantly thrown together in social situations, share a common background, and participate together in an exceptionally involved and profoundly confusing anthropological phenomenon known as mate-selection.

Perhaps the most important distinction which we ought to make at the onset is that this process of mate-selection is one of the unstated but distinctly recognized functions of the co-educational college. A good many

girls will state quite openly that they expect to marry in the course of attending college, that they would consider the college experience a failure if it did not result in an ideal marriage, and that the marriage opportunities afforded by the possession of a college education is the strongest motivating factor in leading them to attend school beyond the high school level.

"If you don't go to college," a girl told me not long ago, "then you can hardly expect to marry a college man. That's a big dividing line nowadays. You can pretty much take it for granted that if your husband isn't a college graduate, you'll never have a very high income and you'll never get past a fairly low level of status in the community. It isn't just that you want to marry money, but that things are at the point where a man needs a college diploma if he's going to do anything more than shine shoes or mow lawns. And college boys marry college girls, nine times out of nine."

Not every girl will state her case this boldly. Most girls stress the need for a college education in somewhat loftier terms, pointing out the need to be an aware citizen in the modern world, to appreciate the finer things in life, and so forth. But sexual selection remains the leading moving force in getting girls to college in a staggering number of cases. Girls tacitly assume that they will be unable to meet those men whom they would prefer to marry unless they are equipped with college-level education.

"If you did marry a college man without any education yourself, it would be a bad marriage," another girl explained. This, then, is an extension of the same argument—college is designed not merely to introduce the girl to suitable males, but to prepare her intellectually to function as a suitable wife for one of these suitable males.

The relative value to society of endowing females with four years of advanced education with the aim of marrying them off to desirable mates and fitting them out with the sophistication to perform admirably as wives—this

is a matter which might best be left for someone to ponder whose theme is the philosophy of education. One might well contend that the situation constitutes an unholy waste of everyone's time and money to no very good purpose.

But our concern here and now is with something a little different. What, if anything, is the effect of all this extreme emphasis of the dating process and mate selection upon the social atmosphere of the co-educational college—and, by extension, upon the sexual behavior of female students?

Recently I asked a woman with whom I am acquainted socially how her daughter was enjoying college. "Oh, she loves it," she told me. "She thinks it's just the place for her. She's having a marvellous time." And what was noteworthy about the college? "The campus is lovely," this woman went on. "And Ellie is just doing wonderfully. She has a date almost every night, some really nice boys."

This, then, is success—a lovely campus and a full social life. But there is also failure, as another mother let me know.

"Ruth wasn't doing well at Carpham. I'm sure you know how it is when you get off on the wrong foot. Last year, her first year there, she just didn't get into the swim of things and she was having a perfectly horrible time. I felt so sorry for the poor kid. She hated it there, so at the end of the year she transferred to Graham, and she's having the time of her life. Plenty of boy friends, and one who might turn out to be serious, who knows? And we had no trouble getting her transferred into Graham, either. She had done very well scholastically, you know, so that was no problem."

This little speech is by no means atypical. The transfer pattern at American colleges is largely a function of the individual's success or failure on the social scene, at least insofar as female students are concerned. Girls

transfer from one school to another far more often than boys do, and the underlying motive is usually a social one. If a girl is not dating, if she is not being actively courted by desirable boys, then she is not getting enough out of school—not in her own eyes and not in the eyes of her parents. It is now generally accepted that a girl in such a situation is doing the sensible thing when she transfers to a new school.

"Around here," a dean of women told me sadly, "a girl ought to have a boy's fraternity pin on her sweater by the sophomore year at the very latest. After that, the sooner she's engaged, the more successful she can consider herself. It's not absolutely necessary for her to be married before graduation, but she ought to be well on the way by the time she gets her diploma."

If the whole college experience is designed to serve as background music for a slightly more civilized version of the mating dance, and if mate selection is of the utmost importance in determining the success or failure of a college career, one can hardly be greatly surprised by the amount of importance attached to sexual attraction and sexual success. Sex is almost invariably the original causative factor in any love situation; as I pointed out in an appropriate chapter in *A Modern Marriage Manual*, the initial force which interests man in woman—or woman in man—is almost always the element of sexual attraction, whatever emotional bonds may later be erected upon this foundation.

And college girls realize this. On the one hand, the overwhelming midcentury American hunger for security, which makes young men take jobs with an eye to the firm's pension plan, makes girls look upon every date as a potential marriage prospect and every social situation as one which may or may not serve to advance her toward the goal of marriage. Sex is one of the tools at her command, the bait in her trap, the weapons in her arsenal. If she is sexually attractive, men will want to spend time with her. If she is sexually exciting, men will want

to have sexual activity with her. If this activity is sufficiently rewarding, men will want her as a permanent partner.

But at the same time, sex is not a commodity to be lavished upon the world. A girl must walk a very tricky tightrope in this respect. If she is too "easy," too free with her sexual favors, nobody will want to marry her or to become emotionally involved with her to any great degree. If she is too hard-to-get, no one will want her at all; she runs the risk of being seen as frigid or prudish.

"It's hard to beat the system," a girl said. "If you go too far too fast, then you're a tramp. If you give too little and too late, then you're an iceberg. You have to time your sexual responses like a chess master planning a combination of moves—not too fast, not too slow, let him do this tonight and that tomorrow night and that next week—it's so asinine that you shouldn't be able to take it seriously, but it's so important that you can't take it any other way. You get to thinking that there ought to be a better system, that this can't be the perfect way to organize sex and love and all. But if there is a better way, I've never found it. This is the way the game is played and it's the only game in town."

At times the rules of the "game" seem to overshadow its professed objectives. One girl, Patricia Avery, came to me for treatment after a rather frightening nervous breakdown which featured withdrawal from school, periods of hilarity alternating with periods of morbid depression, and further evidence of extreme personality disorientation.

Patricia was in her junior year at a large state University in the midwest. At the time of her "breakdown," she had just recently become engaged to a young man a year ahead of her in the same school. The engagement was set to be a long-term affair, with no date for a wedding yet arranged.

Up to this point, Patricia's sexual life had adhered closely to the standard pattern. She had a history of light petting in high school, where she had gone steady with

several boys, the longest relationship enduring for a period of four months. At college, she received grades slightly above average, belonged to one of the better sororities, and dated actively throughout her freshman year. Toward the end of that year she began going steadily with a boy named Roger Morton.

During the first semester of her sophomore year, Roger Morton gave her his fraternity pin, and at this time Patricia ceased dating other boys formally—in effect, she had been dating Roger exclusively for several months already, but now the relationship was formalized in that the two were pinned. After two months there was a fight and she gave his pin back; then, a week later, they were reconciled and she received the pin again.

"The whole thing seems very comic now," she told me, in one of our sessions together. "Taking the pin, giving it back, then the way he prevailed upon me to accept it a second time when we got back together again. So very ridiculous, so horribly formalized. Such a ritual for a couple of kids, like diplomatic protocol. Pinned. Engaged to be engaged. That's how pinning is defined, you know. Engaged to be engaged—it sounds almost as stupid as it really is."

The relationship of Roger and Patricia followed established grounds during the *pinned* period. They saw each other frequently, attended all social functions together. Twice she accompanied him to his home to meet his parents, and once he came to Chicago with her to meet her family. These meetings were further evidence of mutual commitment, further signs that the relationship was growing increasingly "serious" and that, in due time, it might be expected to bear fruit in the form of a formal engagement, which in turn would lead directly to marriage.

A similar sort of progress characterized the young couple's sexual relationship. In earlier chapters we have examined the manner in which a collegiate romance moves forward at a more or less steady pace, from kissing to necking to petting, from heavier petting to coitus. Pa-

tricia and Roger did not deviate appreciably from this pattern. When they were pinned, sexual intimacy began playing a more important role in their relationship, and they began going considerably further in their increasingly frequent petting sessions.

"I remember the night we were pinned," Patricia said. "That was the first time I touched him, touched his sex organ with my hands. The first time. I remember being a little . . . well, timid about it, scared, even upset, and I remember thinking that it wasn't wrong, it was normal, because after all we were pinned. As if there were a definite scale in morality: you had to have a marriage license to have intercourse, and you had to be pinned to masturbate your date."

Coitus first took place between the couple a week after they were formally engaged. The affair was not the usual awkward tumble in the back seat of a car. Roger drove to a motel, and they made love in a bed. The procedure was successful in that coitus was not painful and proved enjoyable to both parties.

"We were very cool about it," Patricia said. "We were talking the night before, and Roger said that he wanted to make love to me, that he thought we were ready for it. He thought we were ready for it—my God, can you imagine putting it that way? As if it was on the agenda.

"And I thought about it, and I agreed, and we went to the motel. We weren't a couple of kids carried away by a dose of good honest passion. Not at all. We were ready to go to bed together, and so we did. We went to the motel, and we took a bottle along so that we could get just slightly stoned, which we did, and then we took off our clothes and got in bed and petted just like always, except this time we wound up having intercourse instead of getting sidetracked in some charming little deviation, and we both marched onward to our respective little orgasms, and that was that, that was the way you lost your virginity and showed your tremendous love. Christ on a stick!"

Another time, Patricia discussed the same incident

with somewhat less bitterness. "It was so very cold and sterile," she said, remembering. "So empty. In bed, when he got inside of me for the first time, I had the funniest feeling. Just the funniest feeling. I felt all of a sudden that we were both machines. We didn't have wires that you had to plug in because we were all modern, we were made in Japan, we were completely transistorized. But machines. We were both supposed to make love now, and that was why we were there, doing this. And we were supposed to enjoy it, which was why I felt aroused and why I would eventually have a climax. But everything was just happening because it was set to happen that way, because it was all organized that way, because it was all laid out for us. It made me feel so goddamned automatic and cold and dry and empty, like a robot."

This feeling of emptiness seems to have been the major emotional reaction of Patricia to her loss of virginity. There was no appreciable quotient of guilt. "We were not doing anything which anyone would have been likely to view as wrong," she told me. "We were having premarital intercourse, but there was nothing very special about that. Everyone more or less took it for granted that engaged couples would have premarital intercourse, and you didn't even have to be engaged to have coitus without people talking, just so long as you were discreet and not loose about it. I didn't even have the feeling that my parents would be terribly put out if they knew what we were doing. I knew they would be upset if they found out I was pregnant—people don't seem to care nearly so much about the action as about the results of it. But we were taking precautions to guard against pregnancy, and I wasn't very worried."

The breakdown itself came just a few months later. For a week, Patricia was moody and depressed. Several times she refused to go to the phone when Roger called her, and twice she insisted on going home in the middle of a date. She began missing classes, spent hours at a time sitting alone in her room with the lights off.

"I was very dismal," she said.

Then, all at once, she began to react. She woke up one morning and went to the dean and announced point-blank that she was withdrawing from the university, and refused to give any reason for her action. "She wanted to know if I was pregnant," she said. "That was all she could think of, that if I was withdrawing suddenly like that it meant that I was pregnant. That really set me off. I told her she was a foul-mouthed pig and she should drop dead. I shouldn't have said that. She wasn't a bad woman, not at all."

Immediately after that, she found Roger, told him she was breaking up with him and tried to give him his ring back. When he refused to take it she reacted violently and wound up throwing the diamond ring into a sewer. She went to a bar that night, drank heavily, picked up a stranger and had intercourse with him. After that she returned to Chicago, refused to explain her actions to her parents, and took a small apartment of her own on the near north side. After an extended period of disorganized behavior she began seeing me, at which point I became familiar with her case.

"I just couldn't stand it," she said. "I couldn't stand it, the whole thing, the way my life was going. I hated it and I had to explode or die. That was the way I felt—that I had to have some big major explosion or else just wither away and die."

At another time, she explained her situation somewhat more articulately. "I didn't love Roger," she said. "I never loved Roger. I don't think I ever had the chance to love him, or the opportunity to realize that I didn't love him. I just stayed on the treadmill and I played the game according to the rules, from the first date through the pinning to the engagement, the whole little merry-go-round. And then I guess I all at once realized what was happening to me. I remember one night, after a date. He took me home and dropped me off and I went to my room in the sorority house and sat by my window and looked

out over the treetops at the sky. My room-mate was still out on a date. I sat there in the darkness and thought about Roger. I didn't love him, but now that didn't seem to make the slightest degree of difference. The machine was in motion, and we were engaged and pretty soon we would be married, and if I tried to change any of that I would be in trouble. Roger would hate me and my parents would hate me and his parents would hate me—everyone would hate me, because all I was supposed to do was be a good little girl and go along with everything, with the way things were scheduled. I had to go on being engaged, and I had to get married, and I had to have children, all of the little rituals of growing up. It didn't matter a damn bit whether I loved him or not. I had to play the game anyway and I had to play it according to the rules."

"And?"

She shrugged. "And I just couldn't stand it," she said. "The longer it went on like that, the more disgusted I got with the whole crazy masquerade. The sex part made me sick to my stomach. That's not a figure of speech, either. Two days after I first saw what was happening to me, that I didn't love him and that I was trapped, well, two days after that we made love. In his fraternity house, in his bed. And I hated it because it wasn't right, it was wrong. And I thought to myself that as far as most people were concerned it was all right for us to make love because we were two young people who were going to be married, two young persons who were engaged. So it was all right. But we didn't love each other. If we had just met that afternoon but were very much in love, then everybody would have thought we were filthy if we made love so soon. But if we had been going together for a long time, and we were engaged, then love didn't matter, it didn't matter that I didn't care for Roger at all. We were engaged and so it was all right to sleep together, as long as we didn't call attention to it. We couldn't do it on high noon in Marshall Field's window,

but it was morally right to do it in private and to be cool about it. God, I couldn't stand that."

The specter of marriage haunted her, too. The idea that "the system" could carry her all the way from the preliminaries of courtship to the permanence of marriage was a frightening notion. "I didn't love him," she said, "but nobody seemed to care. I told a girl friend, one of my best friends, and she said that I would get over it. You know, I didn't understand that then and I do not understand it now. How on earth do you get over *not* loving somebody? It doesn't make sense. I didn't love him, but breaking up with him would have been just as shocking to everybody concerned as it would be for two married people to get a divorce.

"No, more than that," she said suddenly. "It would have been even more unthinkable than a divorce. I know that, too, because I remember some things that my mother said, things she spoke of in that connection. One time, an older sister of a good friend of mine, a Chicago girl, got a divorce from her husband. They were married five years first, they had two little boys. My mother said that at least they had tried, and that if a marriage doesn't work out after you work at it, then the only sensible thing to do is break up and make a clean break by getting a divorce."

She sighed. "Another time, there was this girl I went to high school with, and she was engaged, and she broke the engagement. She decided that it wouldn't work out and so she broke the engagement, the same way I broke off with Roger. My mother was very critical of that, of this girl breaking the engagement. She thought it was a stupid thing to do. She said, 'How does she know she won't be happy with him? I don't see how she can know that it won't work out until she tries it.' That was the way she put it. It was all right to break up a marriage, according to her, but it was foolish to break an engagement."

Because of this, Patricia was hesitant to break off with Roger and terrified at the thought of spending the rest of

her life with a man she did not love. The resultant conflict was one which could not be solved in any regular manner. She solved it in the only way which presented itself—i.e., by behaving irrationally and dynamiting the entire structure of her little world, and thus destroying the engagement in the process.

"There wasn't any other way," she explained. "There just wasn't. All I had done was follow the easy route, all the time, just do what you were supposed to do and let things happen the way they were supposed to happen, until all at once I saw what I had done, that I had trapped myself. So I had to kick the trap apart or stay in it forever, one thing or the other, and I wouldn't stay in it. I didn't love Roger and I couldn't imagine marrying him, living with him forever."

The process of campus mate-selection can be every bit as disturbing to the girl who does not get caught up in it as it can be for a girl like Patricia who finds herself trapped by its automatic functions. When college is regarded as a four-year period designed largely for the purpose of finding a prospective husband, a girl who is sexually unsuccessful at college may be even more broken up about the fact than a girl who is an academic failure.

This problem finds itself most prominently displayed at colleges located in small towns and lacking graduate departments—in other words, schools where social interaction is confined exclusively to undergraduate college students. At such schools, the social lives of third and fourth year girls is often on the level of a national disaster.

Because girls generally date males a year or two older than themselves, an unattached girl in her third or fourth year at such a school has little chance of dating. There are no older men available, and in many cases the bulk of the men their own age are pinned or engaged or married and generally to younger girls. An understanding of this state is one of the main pushes upon younger girls

to find a man at the earliest possible opportunity, to get first a fraternity pin and then an engagement ring, before they suddenly find themselves socially superannuated. Any freshman girl at this sort of school can readily imagine herself having a dateless junior and senior year as a result of failing to cultivate the right men during her earlier years on campus.

"If you get on the wrong foot, you lose four whole years," one girl explained. "Suppose you enter college with the idea that you don't want to get tied down too early. You want to date around, play the field, maybe even take it easy socially until you get your feet on the ground and decide what you want to do. Maybe you feel that you want to get married after you graduate, and that you don't want any serious involvement with a boy until your third or fourth year.

"But by then nobody is beating down your door. It's different at a big university—then there's a ready supply of graduate students, so a girl doesn't find herself in this happy little period of symbolic widowhood when she's too old for all of the available men. But at a place like this one, if you get to a certain age without pairing off with your one and only, then you can more or less resign yourself to waiting until after graduation to find a man."

Many girls have no trouble resigning themselves to this possibility. Those girls who actively desire a career, or a period of foreign travel, or advanced study prefatory to marriage, can face a socially inactive senior year without shuddering. But girls who lack such ambitions, and who are sufficiently insecure so that an early marriage is virtually essential for their peace of mind, are appalled at this prospect.

Some of them transfer at the end of their second year. "I switched to Illinois State about then," one said, "and started dating law students like a madman." For others, however, the course of treatment is preventative. They literally go to any length to find a marriage partner before it is too late—and they hurry into the routine of

steady-dating and pinning and engagement, with all the sexual intimacies attendant upon each such stage of the dating process, and all too often without much consideration for their own emotional state or their relative degree of preparedness for such a relationship.

Special Problems of the Home-Town College

THE SAME college, whether it be urban or small-town, co-educational or not, big or small, public or private, will serve as quite a different social environment for two different classes of students. The student who lives in the town where the college is located experiences an altogether different course of social development in college than does the student who comes to the same school from another city. Both may attend the same classes, belong to the same fraternity or sorority, pursue the same goals, and otherwise share the same scheme of things—but the local student and the out-of-town student might almost as well be in two different worlds. There is that much distinction in the college experience each will undergo.

The student who attends an out-of-town college is immediately thrust into a new situation, a situation which

will be essentially an alien one. This is very obviously true for the Midwestern farm boy who enrolls at a large university in the heart of an Eastern metropolis, or for a girl from downtown Chicago who finds herself at a small college in a town of a few thousand persons. But it is no less true for a Chicagoan who goes to school in New York, or for a student from a small-town in Indiana who goes to a small-town school in Wisconsin. Even in cases where the overall appearance of the new environment may seem to mirror the old, the college environment remains a radical departure from the home environment.

For one thing, the overwhelming majority of acquaintances in the new environment will be total strangers. A few friends or acquaintances from one's home town or old high school may be present, but they will constitute only an infinitesmal proportion of faces in the collegiate landscape. The boy or girl who goes out of town to college is thrown into the midst of strangers; he does not know them and they do not know him.

Just as important—and perhaps even more so—the student who goes away to school automatically is endowed with an exceptionally large dose of freedom granted all at once. Even in the strictest schools, even in the most rigidly controlled academic and social environments, the simple fact that the individual is removed from the physical presence of parents and relatives constitutes an enormous burst of freedom and responsibility. We have already seen in other chapters some of the ramifications of this freedom, some of the ways in which it may be seen to operate.

Whether this freedom is grown into wisely or whether it is abused, whether the concommittant responsibility is shouldered or sloughed off, whether the maturation process proceeds smoothly or jaggedly, the fact remains that this freedom is a vitally significant characteristic of the collegiate scene. For better or for worse—a matter which varies with the individual, to be sure—the college experience for the student who does go to a school away from

home may be defined as a time for learning to handle the freedom which is the normal lot of every adult.

How does the home-town school differ?

It differs radically, as one can readily appreciate. In the vast majority of cases, the student attending college in his own city continues to live at home, with his parents. He goes on living in his own room rather than in a dormitory or fraternity house. He eats at home, sleeps at home, studies at home, and spends a certain amount of free time at home. No matter how much freedom of movement or association his parents may decide to give him, he remains firmly fixed in their sphere of influence. His social environment, although exposed certainly to new influences, is fundamentally the same as his social environment in college.

He is older. He is associating with more mature persons. He is, to be sure, engaged wholeheartedly in the process of growing up. But such growth is for him a very different matter than it is for the student at a college away from home.

(It might be worth mentioning at this point that the observations to be made here do not necessarily obtain in the case of students in the larger cities like Chicago and New York. Quite often boys and girls from these cities will go to school in their own cities but will break with their home environment; they will take rooms near the school and will only be subject to parental control on weekends, if at all. This is obviously a substantially different sort of situation, and is facilitated by the great size and diversity of the cities mentioned. It is possible to live a wholly separate life from one's family and former associates in Chicago or New York, while it would be less possible to do so in a smaller city.

By the same token, some schools attach sufficient importance to the social maturation process of the college experience that they require home-town students to spend at least their first year in residence as dormitory students, rather than live at home with their parents.

Here again, the observations relating to the home-town college do not apply to such a degree.)

Why do students go away to school? Why do others stay home? There are reasons on either hand, advantages and disadvantages to be found in either atmosphere. The arguments for attending an out-of-town college are perhaps more obvious, and might be dealt with quickly enough.

First of all, the out-of-town school is more able to contribute to the individual's personal growth. His circle of friends is enlarged both quantitatively and qualitatively. He meets a wider range of persons from a wider range of backgrounds, in terms of social status, geographical origin, and so on. Furthermore, he is able to grow in terms of personal maturity, as we have seen earlier.

In addition, some out-of-town college or university may well be better able to supply his needs in the academic realm. When college is merely designed to serve as a general cultural background, or as preparation for a career in one's father's business, or something of the sort, the home-town school may offer a program as well-suited to the individual as he is apt to find away from home. But when the student's needs are somewhat more specialized, he will most frequently find one of the thousand other colleges in the country better equipped to serve him than the school in his own community.

The advantages of the home-town school, while somewhat more pedestrian, are not much harder to point out. The financial consideration, for one thing, is very often the determining factor in choosing a local school, if not the sole consideration of any importance. One does not have to be an accountant to realize the enormous increment in cost involved in paying room and board for a student's four years out of town as opposed to supporting that student for those same four years in one's own home. Increased scholarship opportunities notwithstanding, the constant increases in tuition costs constitute in themselves an ever-higher educational price tag, and when room and board away from home are added to

this bill of sale, the result is a sum which many families find themselves incapable of supplying, at least not without considerable financial strain.

The student who attends a home-town school cuts this cost greatly; besides, he has the opportunity of cutting it further through employment, and he will find it much easier to get a job in his own home town, where he and his family are well known, than in a strange environment. As a result, for many young persons attending college there is never any question as to whether they will go out of town or stay home. They must attend school at home —because they cannot afford to do otherwise.

The local college also appeals to both parents and students who are wary of the freedom to be found out-of-town. Parents, on the one hand, may be appalled (in some cases with justification, and less so in others) at the prospect of their child's spending so much time at an essentially tender age in an essentially unsupervised atmosphere. They may feel that their child is not personally equipped to cope with such freedom, that he will fail to apply himself to his studies if sufficient diversions present themselves, that he will drink to excess, dissipate excessively, or indulge in illicit sexual relations—that, in short, he will not be able to function properly once the parental hold is relaxed.

And some students choose home-town schools for the same reason, although it is rarely stated by them in these terms. While they are more apt to explain their choice on financial grounds, or by defending the academic standing of the local school, they quite often stay at home because they are unwilling to take their chances in a new and unknown environment. Girls frequently fear social failure at a faraway campus; they have attained a certain degree of popularity and are afraid to chance possible rejection away from home. The home-town background is familiar and known. One's parents are present, to take care of one and to impose wise regulations. Freedom, to such students, is just too frightening a possibility for the time being.

For students who are primarily concerned with academic success in the form of high grades, especially as preparation for graduate or professional schools, a no-nonsense attitude often leads to a choice of a local college or university. "I'll be going to college for four years," a boy told me recently, "and then to med school for four years, and then my interneship, and then all the rest. I've got a long period of work ahead of me. If I expect to get into medical school I've got to get top grades. Becoming a doctor happens to be more important to me than having a high time at school. At home, with no distractions and a regulated social and personal life, I think I'll be able to apply myself more thoroughly. And there's always the fact that I'll be going out of town to med school; I can get my taste of campus life then, if I want it. And by that time there'll be less chance that I'll get carried away with it. I'll have formed solid study habits by that time, if I buckle down and work like a galley slave for the next four years."

Our chief concern here, of course, is not so much with the academic or financial aspects of the home-town school, but with the social effects of such colleges, especially in respect to the sexual behavior of female students. Perhaps the first observation we ought to make is that there is no hard and fast rule in operation here. One cannot pin this label upon the girl who goes to school out of town while affixing another label to the girl who attends a local college. In either group one will find fast girls and slow girls, promiscuous girls and virgins, girls who make valid sexual adjustments in the course of their college careers and girls who do not make such adjustments. The difference between the sexual behavior of girls of these two categories is a difference of degree and nothing more, and it derives directly from the different aspects of the two environments as we have seen them above.

If a girl is sexually secure to begin with, if she shows evidence of personal control and emotional maturity and

if she seems to be ready to step upward along the road to adulthood, one need scarcely worry that simple removal from the home will turn her into a sexual rebel or send her along the road to hell in a handcar. Similarly, a girl with profound sexual problems, an emotionally disturbed girl, will not perforce be kept "moral" simply because she remains at home. This should be obvious, but it may be worthwhile to state it so.

In this context, we might say that perhaps the primary effect of education at a local college, on a sexual plane, is to delay the sexual maturity of the individual, to inhibit the girl's sexual growth. The girl who is provided with the freedom of an out-of-town campus may learn to form controlled and healthy sexual relationships; she may fail to do so, and may have a fairly rough time of things. But in either case she will be exposed more thoroughly to the challenge of sexual adjustment.

Conversely, the girl who attends college in her home town can more readily escape such a challenge. It is simply less "easy" for her to have premarital intercourse. She has to be home at a certain time, has to come home looking sufficiently respectable. She is inhibited in that she remains in her own native environment—i.e., a girl will normally have a much harder time letting herself go with a boy to a motel that is a part of her own home town than to a motel in an essentially foreign area. She does not make a sharp break with convention, or with the values she has been instilled with previously—not because those values and conventions seem so profoundly significant to her, but because her environment has not been altered sufficiently to permit her to challenge those values and accept or reject them on their own merits.

The lack of change in her circle of friends similarly serves to cushion a girl in this situation. It is true, of course, that she is thrown into contact with students from other cities who are attending classes with her. But the presence of a great number of students, male and female, who are also living at home and also going to this local school serves to keep her in an environment very

similar to the one she enjoyed during high school.

Besides, a sort of Gresham's Law seems to be in operation in cases of this nature. As long as high school friends are available in abundance, the average person is more apt to choose his friends from this group of "known" persons. A girl is not forced to develop and deepen new friendships. It is literally easier for her to go on as she has gone on before, dating approximately the same men and exchanging confidences with approximately the same girls. Her social horizons are thus not widened to any appreciable degree, despite the presence of out-of-town students on her campus.

The pressures for premarital coitus are thus not present to as great a degree as they would otherwise be, and the restraints against premarital coitus are much greater. The result, obviously enough, is that a girl in this situation is demonstrably less likely to have sexual relations during her college years.

If one operates from the pure-and-simple basis that premarital coitus is "wrong," it might seem that one would therefore advocate home-town college education on the grounds that it is more likely to produce the desired state of chastity. But such an argument loses sight of the very important fact that chastity of this nature is less the result of the development of inner moral strength than the lack of a severe challenge to chastity.

In other words, just as the girl who has never been propositioned can hardly take pride in her virtue, so is the girl who has not been very profoundly tempted sexually unable to read too much achievement in her preserved virginity. She has not so much risen above the temptations of sexual incontinence as she has escaped the responsibility of making a sexual adjustment one way or the other.

"When I got married," one young mother told me, "I was very proud of myself because I was a virgin for my husband. I thought it was a very wonderful thing that I had stayed chaste until I was married. Many girls don't. But then I began to realize that I had stayed a virgin in

more than the sexual sense. I hadn't grown at all, I lived at home all the time and I remained in a cozy little world, and I was no more ready for marriage than I was trained to serve as an astronaut. By the time I was beginning to see what marriage was really like, I could also see that it was something I was totally unprepared for. I don't mean that I would have been better prepared if I had had sex before marriage. I don't think that's necessarily true, not at all. But my virginity was no special thing. It was just a general part of my having remained, I guess, pretty much of an adolescent throughout college. I got a good education, I think, and of course I grew older and matured in a great many ways, but I think I might have been more able to get along as an adult if I had been more on my own during college."

In another sense, we can see how, for some girls, the experience of attending a local college does not prevent promiscuity or general sexual incontinence; on the contrary, it merely *delays* it. For example, one girl whom I had occasion to treat for emotional problems was the product of a severely puritanical upbringing. The character of this girl was such that, if she had gone away to school, it would have been strongly probable that she would have indulged in the sort of sexual rebellion described in an earlier chapter.

But this particular girl went to school at home, continued to live with her parents, and continued to be subjected to severe sexual repression because of this parental control. After graduation she went to New York City, where she obtained a job in the advertising department of a large department store. There, in New York, she found the freedom which she might have found at an out-of-town university, except by this time she had been even more severely repressed, and except too that her job in New York provided not even minimal restrictions in terms of sexual behavior.

With the complete freedom she found in that setting, and with the complete lack of preparation for such freedom, and with the extended history of puritanical repres-

sion on the part of her parents, it should hardly be surprising that this particular young woman quickly became quite incontinent sexually. She was promiscuous, lost all self-control, quit her job, and floated from one man to the next. The extreme code of sexual morality which had been imposed upon her over the years served only to add an overwhelming burden of guilt to all her actions, all of which only served to intensify the spiral of immoral sexual behavior. The girl told me once that she felt completely at sea during those days. She had no foothold, nothing to cling to. She was free without ever having learned to be free, and at an age where she was less equipped to adjust to new situations.

Thus this young woman engaged in precisely the same sort of rebellion after college that one might have expected her to indulge in during college. And her postgraduate rebellion, less hampered by social regulations and more drastic because of a longer period of repression, was far more a problem for her than would have been a comparable "wild" period on a college campus.

It was a young man who attended an out-of-town college who pointed up the major objection to local education. Speaking on this point, he said, "At the end of my freshman year, when I went back home for the summer, it was already possible for me to see the tremendous difference between those of us who went away to school and those who stayed home and went to college in town. It was such a great difference that, at first, it made me feel as though I was a snob. Because I just didn't have anything to talk about with the ones who had stayed in town. There was no common ground."

I asked him to explain this point.

"I felt about three years older," he said, thoughtfully. "They were in college, the same as I was, and they were taking the same course and learning about as much. But they didn't seem like college men. They were still dating high-school girls, for one thing—the same girls they had been dating before. I was away at school and dated only

college girls because that was all there were around, of course. Also, they had about the same attitude toward their classes as they had had in high school. They were studying the same way, even though the material was harder, and they were going to the same places and generally living the same life they had lived before. It was as though they weren't in college at all, as though they were taking a fifth year in high school.

"This really broke me up for a while, because there were a few guys I had been very friendly with, and now when I got together with them it was a major drag all around. No common ground. As I said, at first I was very angry at myself for being snobbish, but later I could see that it wasn't something I had to sit around hating myself for. There was a real difference between us all, and they were not as mature as I was, because they had stayed home."

This relative immaturity, obviously, is not a permanent thing; the student who stays at home does his growing up sooner or later and reaches a point where he is as fully adjusted to an adult world as anyone else. But if one feels that the production of mature persons is a legitimate aim of the college experience, one cannot avoid conceding the superiority of a college education away from home.

And yet this conclusion, in and of itself, is not sufficient here. The problem is a more complex one, and no single solution can serve as an adequate summary of the situation. For example, there are young men and young women who are substantially unequipped for the freedom of college away from home, and who can do demonstrably better academically and socially as well if they stay home, either for all of their college years or for a year or two. While this argument is abused in a great many cases, there are definitely individuals to whom it may be legitimately applied.

When an individual student is not ready for college out of town, when he or she is very obviously immature and insecure in relation to others his own age, he may be far more apt to "get by" in a local college than he would

be to hold his own out of town. When such a child is plunged abruptly into campus life away from home, the results can be catastrophic; the same student might have had a much easier time of it if the shock of college itself were not combined with the shock of adjustment to a radically different social situation.

An ability to cope with such a new situation is one of the great causes of failure in college, in cases where the student is intelligent enough otherwise to handle the academic challenge of higher education. In instances of this nature, one might better enroll the student at a local college, either permanently or with the intention of having him transfer to an out-of-town school after a year or two of adjustment. This latter plan is often valuable; it provides the ultimate benefits of out-of-town education while easing the adjustment process by doing things a little at a time.

At the opposite end of the scale, one should also recognize that there are surely a great number of individuals who are quite capable of maturing at a rapid pace without being cast into a new environment. These students, already quite mature and levelheaded when they leave high school, are as much able to grow into responsible adults at home as they are away from home. They need not be stifled socially or emotionally or intellectually simply because they do not leave town to go to college.

As we have seen, the social and sexual development of the girl who attends a home-town college is beset by pitfalls which are none the less hazardous simply because they are less dramatic than the pressures and problems of out-of-town campus life. Temporarily arrested social development is surely as genuine a problem as development which is too rapid and uncontrolled. The hazards of repression are every bit as real as the hazards of promiscuity, and untested and untried virtue is not a legitimate cause for special pride.

The problem of making the experience of attending a local college a fully rewarding experience—this is a prob-

lem which is the joint responsibility of parent and student. It is all too easy for either or both to forego this responsibility, with the results we have seen enumerated above.

For the parent's part, perhaps the greatest challenge consists of forcing one's self to relax the hold one has always maintained over one's child. A college freshman is only a year older than a high school senior, and it is generally quite difficult to keep reminding one's self that this person who has gone on living in your house and eating at your table is suddenly to be treated as an adult. Restrictions on behavior, formerly imposed, must be lifted; the load of personal responsibility must be gradually transferred to the shoulders of the child.

This is of the utmost importance. When your daughter has suddenly become a college girl, the curfews you imposed upon her a year ago must be changed, the supervision you held her under must be withdrawn, and the whole parent-daughter relationship must be reshaped so that it is applicable to a more mature individual. Unless this is done, the college experience can hardly be expected to function as more than a glorified extension of the high school experience.

But the child must share this responsibility. In many individuals, the desire for freedom is equally matched by the desire to escape from freedom. There is a great deal of security in being ruled and regulated. The girl who goes to school in her home town and who continues to live at home must make sure that she demands to be treated as somewhat more of an adult. She must learn to relate to her parents and to the world in an adult fashion.

Just as important, she must avoid the very subtle trap of failing to enlarge her personal horizons. If she remains in precisely the same social paths that were open to her before her college years, if she lives with the same people and relates only to the same people, if she does not force herself to grow into the larger world which college holds open to her, she will be missing one of the greatest gifts of higher education.

Promiscuity

IN THE comfortably black-or-white world of rigid sexual morality, premarital sexual intercourse is a topic which need not be approached obliquely. There is little difficulty in determining what is "good" or "bad" insofar as the sexual behavior of the college girl is concerned—virginity is good and premarital coitus is bad and that is all there is to the matter. According to these lights, there is little distinction seen between the girl who has sexual intercourse with her fiance and the girl who sleeps with any available man whenever the opportunity presents itself. Both girls are engaging in premarital coitus and both are equally deserving of condemnation.

But very few persons, generally speaking, view the subject of college sexual behavior according to such a hard-and-fast moral position. On the college campus, there is a great stretch of space between pure virginity and nymphomaniacal promiscuity. This space is filled

with a whole host of sexual behavior patterns which fall somewhere between the two extremes.

It is very important that we understand this. Earlier in this book, when we examined the various pressures for sexual experience which exist on the campus, the danger arose that the reader might leap to the conclusion that the girl who "gives in" to these pressures and departs from the path of total chastity automatically becomes a tramp accessible sexually to anyone who desires her. But nothing could be further from the truth.

There are virgins on campus, certainly—although one would have a good deal of trouble discerning this fact through a perusal of currently popular fiction. There are also compulsively promiscuous girls who engage in sexual relations without taste or discrimination.

But there are also girls who will have coitus with men only when they feel themselves to be profoundly in love, and there are other girls who will have coitus with men only when marriage is seen as a prospect for the immediate future, and there are other girls who will sleep with men out of simple mutual desire and mutual emotional compatibility. There are, in short, a whole army of shades of gray between the lily white of virginity and the pitch black of promiscuity.

Not too long ago I participated in a sorority discussion group as a sort of unofficial moderator to an analysis of premarital sexual relations. In the course of our discussion I continually noted references which gave the distinct impression that there were two types of premarital coital behavior, one to be viewed tolerantly and the other to be rejected as distinctly improper. I mentioned this, and then suggested that we try to pin down our feelings as to what was permissible and what was not—on a general ethical basis, not on a personal one. In other words, I was asking these girls to explain not what they themselves would feel free to do sexually but what they would deem "condonable" in their colleagues.

After a somewhat long-winded explanation on my part as to what I was after, one girl looked at me, peered

through thick glasses, and suggested that what I wanted to know was the difference between a good girl and a bad girl. And this, essentially, was my question.

The answers were very interesting, very revealing, and, I think, quite pertinent to our topic here. The comments below are some of the comments which were voiced that evening. They are not all of a piece, certainly; college girls rarely agree on much of anything, and sex is a controversial enough topic to begin with. But a look at these candid comments should give the reader a fairly comprehensive general picture of what is or is not permissible in the realm of premarital coitus.

"The main thing is the attitude of the girl, her emotional feeling for the boy she's with and her feelings about sex as an expression of love. I don't think this is a question you can put numerically. For instance, a girl might be in love half-a-dozen times while she's at college, and she might have affairs with all six of the men, and she still would be a good girl in that she wouldn't be promiscuous, she wouldn't be having sex that didn't mean anything . . ."

"But quantity does have meaning, too. Now, the first time a girl has sex, it could be anything. Too much to drink or a man who's smarter than she is, almost anything. You can't say much about a girl just because she's done it once. And then after that, when she first falls really in love, she'll sleep with that man, too. But if she falls in and out of love quickly enough to have more than two real affairs, well, then she's just calling it love because she wants to, and you can't help thinking that she's at least a little bit of a tramp . . ."

"*Tramp* is a loaded word; I don't like it. I myself can't make moral judgments as far as another person's personal convictions about sex are concerned. For example, there was a girl I was quite friendly with who had this feeling that if she liked a boy and she had sexual desires for him, and he had the same desires for her, than it was perfectly right for them to make love. As far as she was concerned, love had nothing to do with it. It was a ques-

tion of doing what you wanted to do, of expressing yourself through your sexual being. Those are her words, not mine. But you see, in her eyes it would have been more, well, call it sinful—sinful for her to deny herself, to refuse to have sex when she wanted to, than to go ahead and do it . . ."

"But if a girl just sleeps with anybody, just sleeps around because sex is fun . . ."

"No, there's a difference. Some girls do it with anybody who asks because they let themselves fall in love at the drop of a pants. They just work that way, it's a weakness, and there you have to argue that the girl is sick. Or because they think it's the only way to have a social life and they're compensating for other inadequacies. All sorts of sickness. But it's a question of sincerity, of what a girl honestly believes. Any girl who acts in a way that she honestly believes to be right, that girl is acting morally . . ."

"But I don't see how that makes her a good girl, whether or not she's being true to herself. Hitler may have been acting sincerely. Would you call him a good man? I think you have to make ethical judgments, whether or not you call them moral judgments . . ."

"I would say that you could draw some sort of a line before the girl who sleeps with more than one man at a time." *General laughter.* "You've all got dirty minds. I don't mean—" *More laughter.* "You know what I mean, damn it. I mean if she has affairs that overlap, so that she sleeps with Man A one night and Man B the next night and then Man A again. Or just switches around from man to man without even knowing their names. You could argue that it's possible to do that sincerely, but sincerity doesn't have anything to do with it. And all this bull about expressing yourself . . ."

"I'm more conservative, I guess, but I can't help thinking that a girl should sleep with only one man, and that's the man she marries. I really believe that. That doesn't mean you have to wait for the wedding, but until you

have a relationship that is the kind that's going to end with a wedding . . ."

"I'd hate to think of my relationship with a man ending with the wedding . . ."

"What I mean is that if you know the two of you are going to get married, then it's all right to sleep together if you want to, both of you. And if you're not the type of person who is going to feel guilty about it afterward . . ."

"Fine, fine. But how do you know that you're going to wind up getting married? Suppose you think you will, and then it falls in, and you've slept with him and then you're not going to marry him after all. Does that make you a tramp?"

"No, of course not. It's what you think . . ."

"Suppose you think you're going to marry every man you go out on a date with?"

"Listen, we're approaching this all wrong. The question is what kind of girl is a tramp, what kind wouldn't you want to associate with . . ."

"That's not the same question. I associate with a lot of girls whom I think are tramps, if you want to come right down to it . . ."

"But what makes a good girl? The number of men? Whether or not you plan on marrying them? Whether or not you're in love? I don't think that these are good yardsticks . . ."

"Unless the only yardstick is one that you can't quite pin down. The overall impression that the girl makes, the overall way she conducts her sex life and the role sex plays in her overall life. Partly how many men she slept with, and partly her relationship with them, and partly her sincerity—whatever that means—and partly some other factors . . ."

"I would say it's a question of how she relates to the men she sleeps with, and of how sex is a function of that relationship—or those relationships, depending. If sex is the major factor that draws two people together, and if

they go together just because of the pleasure they get in bed, then I would have to call the girl a tramp for want of a better term. But if her relationship was emotionally valid and sex was just a part of it, that would be a different story . . ."

"Oh, hell. All girls are good. It's the damned men who are bad, God bless 'em . . ."

As we can see, the girls were unable to come up with anything approaching a clear-cut distinction between acceptable and unacceptable premarital coital behavior. Some admitted that they themselves were unable to see any clear-cut line; others could draw such a line but could not get it accepted by the group as a whole. The variables which they pointed out—quantity of sexual experience, presence or absence of love as an ingredient, prospect of future marriage, emotional relationship, attitude—were generally conceded to be at least partial indices of the acceptability of a sexual affair.

At the risk of being repetitive, I'd like to point out again that these girls were not talking about their own sexual standards. Their arguments did not have much to do with their feelings as to what was right or wrong, desirable or undesirable, in respect to how they conducted their own sex lives. Nor was there a demonstrable correlation between liberality toward others and personal license; for example, one girl who insisted that any behavior which struck the individual involved as "right" was perforce right, was also adamant in her insistence that she herself did not intend to have coitus with anyone until she was married.

The general consensus in this group of girls, and an opinion which seemed to hold true with other girls with whom I have discussed the question, is that chastity, however right it may be for an individual girl, is no requirement for social acceptability. It is altogether possible for a girl to remain a "good" girl without remaining a virgin. Furthermore, the majority of these girls felt that the "good" girl had a small number of affairs in the

course of her college career, preferably no more than two or three; that love or a reasonable facsimile was a prime motive in these affairs; that a casual attitude toward sex was out; and that, finally, a girl's sexual behavior and her attitudes toward sex constituted a very important part of her total personality.

Of those girls who would be classed as genuinely promiscuous—girls, that is, who sleep around, to use the vernacular—two main types would seem to exist. First is the sort of girl whom my discussion-partners characterized as "sick." Whether nymphomaniacal or not, such girls manage, in essence, to express in their incontinent sex lives the neuroses and conflicts and anxieties which sum up their personalities. *Sick* is perhaps a difficult term here, or at least a misleading one; these girls are not certifiably insane, nor are they literally incapable of functioning in the world around them. But, because of personal weaknesses and emotional problems, they engage in sexual relations apparently at random in a manner which is socially unacceptable and extremely self-destructive.

The other group of promiscuous girls is composed of those college girls who tend to drift into promiscuous behavior. As one girl put it, such a girl "sleeps with the first man because she's drunk, or because he excites her and she can't stop him. And then sleeps with the second because she's in love, or thinks she is. And sleeps with the third because the second one left her, or she stopped loving him, and she has to get back at the world. And sleeps with the fourth because her reputation has gone to hell and she's unhappy, and sleeps with the fifth and the sixth and the seventh and the eighth because, by this time, she has turned into a promiscuous girl."

It would be hard to say which pattern is more tragic. These genuinely promiscuous co-eds do not have a very pleasant time of it at college, nor do they leave themselves with very attractive prospects after they leave school. They are often expelled from college. Officials who might manage to overlook more discreet forays in

premarital coitus are usually quick to remove the thoroughly promiscuous girl from the campus scene, if only because she makes herself so painfully obvious. Even if the girl does manage to catch hold of herself, either by herself or through outside help of one sort or another, she frequently does so after having done irreparable harm to herself.

But what are they like, these promiscuous college girls? What makes them behave as they do, and what effect do they have upon the lives of those around them? A brief look at the case histories of two of them may yield something in the way of an answer.

When Diana Thompson began her freshman year at Hedgecomb College, she certainly did not seem likely to become promiscuous. She had had notably little in the way of sexual experience, had done no more than engage in kissing and light necking while a high school student at home on Long Island. She was not a particularly attractive girl, and her looks were on the quiet side. She was short and slender, with mousy hair and less than distinctive features.

Emotionally, Diana was an accident looking for a place to happen. She was the youngest of four children. Her father had died two years after Diana was born, and her mother had remarried two years after the man's death. The second marriage had been a stormy one, culminating in divorce when Diana was eleven. By that time the mother had become a marginal alcoholic. Diana, the youngest child and a retiring type to begin with, found herself generally neglected. She became progressively quieter, repressing all her anxieties and internalizing all her conflicts. She spent a great deal of time brooding and dreaming.

At Hedgecomb, a small school in Ohio about fifty miles from Cleveland, Diana suddenly found herself thrust into a far more active and dynamic environment, one in which she at once attracted more attention than she had at home. There were considerably more male

students than co-eds at Hedgecomb, and Diana, as a freshman girl, was for the first time in her life at something of a premium. From the first freshman mixer, she dated furiously and enthusiastically.

Her initial seduction was ordinary enough. The same pressures which make sex a difficult business for any girl who has not learned to handle either her own desires or the impulses of her dates worked upon Diana, and the combined forces of alcohol, sexual excitement, and a persuasive and experienced junior history major served to make the girl give up her virginity. She was overcome by guilt immediately after the incident, but during the next day managed to rationalize the affair as part of a great love. When the boy returned to her a day later, she had coitus with him willingly and found the experience extremely enjoyable.

After a few days, Diana managed to realize that love had nothing to do with the relationship she had entered into. She realized that the boy was going to drop her soon and the realization embittered her. At the same time, she knew also that sex could be a source of tremendous pleasure—and that now, as a non-virgin, she was having a much happier time socially than she had ever had at home in Long Island. The two outstanding facts of her life were her loss of virginity and her happiness and it was impossible to fail to draw a correlation between the two.

When the boy failed to call her again, she was not surprised. When another boy called her and asked her for a date she went out with him and had sex with him that very night, not even offering token resistance. For the next two weeks, she seemed to operate completely unhampered by conscience or moral scruples. She dated four boys several times each and had coitus with all of them.

Then her conscience took over and she was appalled at what she had done. But by that time it was too late, or at least seemed to be. For one thing, she had managed to acquire a rather far-flung reputation as a sure thing, a

girl who would have sex with anyone who asked her. This reputation served her in two ways—it made a large number of men ask her for dates with sex in mind, and it kept other men away. The only men interested in Diana were those who wanted to have sexual relations with her.

"They just don't let you alone," she said, echoing a cry one hears often enough from promiscuous girls. "Even if I made up my mind not to be that way any more, they always kept up the pressure."

In a high school setting, general social ostracism would probably have been added to Diana's punishment. But the college environment is a considerably more open one. As long as Diana was moderately discreet, as long as she did not reflect her promiscuous conduct through generally cheap behavior, she was not denied a certain measure of acceptance. Boys talked about her and co-eds whispered about her, surely, but she was still able to function in a social situation. She was not a dull girl, nor were her emotional problems such as to render her incapable of general communication. Thus no one was appalled if she attended the same party with "good" girls and no boy was ashamed to be seen with her. This special sort of ambivalence was happily lacking.

But the fact remained that the boys who dated her did so because they knew she was a sexual sure thing, a girl who could be counted on to provide sexual release, a girl whose sexual availability could be taken for granted. Legends of this sort, incidentally, tend to reinforce themselves even when they are not entirely true. For instance, Diana told me that there were some boys she turned down, some petting sessions that stopped short of coitus.

"But those boys probably didn't admit it," she said. "They would say they had sex with me even if they didn't."

I began seeing Diana shortly after her expulsion from Hedgecomb at the end of her sophomore year there. She had moved to Chicago, where she hoped to enroll at the University, and she elected to undergo treatment with

me. When she was refused admission to the University, she remained in town and took a job with a downtown firm and continued her psycotherapy. There were times when we seemed to be making considerable progress together, times when it seemed evident that Diana was developing some genuine insight into her emotional situation. But habits, especially sexual habits, have a tendency to die hard. Diana kept slipping back into the established pattern of promiscuous behavior, with each such lapse proving a greater disappointment to her. After several months she stopped therapy abruptly, then returned to me just as abruptly after an overdose of sleeping pills had failed to take her life. A few months later, after still another slip into rabid promiscuous conduct, Diana moved out of Chicago for parts unknown. I have not heard of her since, and can only hope that this most unfortunate person has made some progress toward a solution of her very grave problems.

Vicki Letchworth, in contrast to Diana, was a girl who always seemed to have the upper hand in social situations. A tall and well-shaped blonde, poised and clever, perceptive and aware, Vicki was that special combination of beauty and brains so dear to the hearts of the fiction editors of slick magazines. Anyone who knew her at the time she entered Illinois State as a freshman would have predicted a distinguished academic career, a tender romance, a fine marriage to a successful young man, and a secure niche for Vicki and her family in the echelons of upper-middle-class society.

She was very popular at Illinois State. But, because she was a girl who had been accustomed to popularity in high school, she managed to effect an intelligent balance between her scholastic and social activities so that neither prospered at the expense of the other. She dated, she studied, she developed promising friendships with her female classmates, and, all in all, she became healthily involved in the fabric of undergraduate life.

With the first semester of her freshman year half-gone, she fell head over heels in love.

The love affair, as she later explained it to me, was something for which she was totally unprepared. She had not expected it to happen; when it did happen to her, she did not know how to contend with it.

"Ray was a new experience for me," she said. "He was a senior, three years older than I and a year or two older than most of the boys I had dated. He seemed even older, too, because he was one of those moody intellectuals, very deep, very cynical, loaded with *Weltschmertz*. He played court to me in a brand new way. No big rush, a lot of scorn, contempt for everything he could find wrong with me, all balanced off by the ability to be so wonderfully nice when he wanted to be. I never knew what he was going to do next. And I was sure he was a very vital and significant sort of person, and that he was much better than I was, and that he knew the answers to all of my questions."

Before this time, Vicki had been a virgin. A wealth of social experience had taught her to field every pass thrown at her, to slow down sexual activity without offending her dates. She told me that she took it more or less for granted that her future husband would be the only man she ever slept with.

"And then I slept with Ray," she said.

The seduction was accomplished easily and smoothly, in such a manner as to make Vicki's introduction to sex a rather enjoyable experience. For the next several weeks, she and Ray were together almost constantly. Sex played a very great role in their relationship, and was probably the dominant motif in it. During this time Vicki felt no guilt whatsoever. She was in love with a man who seemed to be in love with her and their sexual union had nothing unwholesome to it, as far as she could see.

Then, abruptly, Ray terminated their relationship. "He told me that we were through," she said. "It seemed . . . oh, very Hollywood. He chucked me under the chin and said that we were through, that I was a nice bed-partner

but he was done with me. I wasn't good for anything else, he said, and he didn't want to see me any more. It was pretty rough. I was shameless. For the next few days I followed him around like a lost puppy. I couldn't sleep or eat, I couldn't believe what was happening to me. It was pretty bad."

Perhaps Ray was afraid of a relationship that threatened to become permanent. Perhaps he had planned a whirlwind romance and a speedy break-up from the start. In any event, Vicki felt as though her world had been ripped out from under her. She became withdrawn, lay awake nights, found herself unable to concentrate on her studies.

"Something had to give," she said.

Something did give. At a party, Vicki tried to relax by drinking herself into a stupor. Alcohol, of course, is always effective—it never solves a problem, but it always seems to give the illusion of short-term relief. Drinking made Vicki carefree and flippant, untroubled by anything at all. It also made her an easy mark from a sexual standpoint, and she wound up being picked up by a casual acquaintance who made love to her in the back seat of his car.

"The next day was bad—I had a real hangover plus an emotional one. But I hadn't done worse with that boy—and I don't recall his name, by the way—than I had done with Ray. Both times it was just sex. With Ray I had thought it was love, but both times it seems it was nothing more or less than sex. Just sex."

From this point on Vicki's sex life took off in the familiar spiral. She was not an easy mark now, in the sense that a boy could date her with the sure knowledge that the date would end with coitus. On the contrary, it became quite impossible for boys to seduce Vicki. Things worked the other way around—when she herself was "in the mood," she would seek out a man and lead him to sexual activity.

"I became a very aggressive little nymph," she explained. "Whatever Vicki wanted, Vicki got. I decided

who I would sleep with and what manner of love-making we would employ, I called all the shots. And I made a merry little whore of myself, didn't I?"

Vicki Letchworth's particular pattern of compulsive promiscuity was eminently suited to her emotional needs at the time, in that it permitted her to function normally on all but a sexual plane. Her studies did not suffer, her schedule maintained its balance, her friendships held their own. The only thing that really took a bad beating was her self-esteem. When she did finally have occasion to seek emotional help, she had already pretty much battled her way out of the wilderness of sexual incontinence. By the time she had become my patient, she had clapped a lid on her promiscuity and was trying to pull herself back together once again. Once her own perceptiveness and diligence and determination were wedded to the professional insight which I was fortunately able to supply her, she was in the clear. It is a tribute to her strength of character that she was able to get through this "stage" with remarkably little in the way of real damage.

The promiscuous girls on a college campus serve a very real social function, certainly. They provide many male students with a seemingly wholesome and generally satisfactory sexual outlet. On many campuses male students greatly outnumber female students, and male students in general are more amenable to indiscriminate sexual contact than are women. The male student, if he is to have sexual release through coitus, must do so in one of four ways—with his steady girl friend, with a prostitute, with a non-college pick-up, or with a promiscuous co-ed. Relationships with the first sort are not always available, and often entail a deeper emotional commitment than boys are ready to make. Relationships with prostitutes are satisfactory in only purely physical terms, and are both distasteful and expensive. Sexual relations with "townies" are thought of as cheap and shabby.

With the promiscuous college girl, these objections dis-

appear. "With one of these girls," a young man said earnestly, "you don't have to worry that they're going to be looking for a fraternity pin or a ring or even a phone call in a day or two. Just one night and that's all. And they're decent kids, clean and pretty, and you don't have to be ashamed to be seen with them, you don't have to hide it. You can even talk to them, you have an enjoyable date and then you have sex afterward because it's what both of you want."

What both of you want. This, though, is rarely the case. The promiscuous girl does not really want the sexual activity in which she engages. She wants something else, something which is denied her—and it is this that forces her into her promiscuous behavior patterns.

Lesbianism

THE SUBJECT of female homosexuality is sufficiently mysterious as to command somewhat more attention in certain respects than is actually its due. It is a curious fact that those topics which we only feel comfortable discussing in whispers seem to be whispered about incessantly. Lesbianism is such a topic.

This is especially true insofar as lesbianism on the college or university campus is concerned. Whether we are concerned with co-ed or all-female schools, the fact remains that only a minute proportion of students engage in any lesbian activity whatsoever at college. Yet novels on this topic abound, and certain colleges or groups of colleges are blessed with a wholly unfounded reputation for being focal points of female homosexual activity.

An obvious way to deal with this distorted picture would be to avoid any discussion of campus lesbianism

whatsoever. Such a course of action, however, has little to recommend it; one does not improve one's understanding of a subject by pretending that the subject does not exist, however convenient such an approach may be.

Furthermore, it is certainly significant that, of those women who do attend college, by far the great majority *who have homosexual relations at any time in the course of their lives* do so for the first time while in college. In other words, excepting for the moment those women who do not attend college at all, college serves as the setting for most girls' introduction to homosexual activity.

This should hardly be surprising. College, as we have seen, is an institution which plays a key role in the process of sexual maturation. Most girls have sexual intercourse for the first time not before college or after college, but during some phase of the college experience. And all those factors we have commented upon earlier, all those pressures for coitus, operate in similar fashion in the case of homosexuality. Just as the heterosexual girl moves toward an adult sexual level on the college campus, so does the girl with strong homosexual inclinations have her first contact with homosexuality on that same campus. One can hardly hold the schools accountable for this fact.

It is easy to feel that the college experience is directly responsible for the development of homosexual tendencies, however. This is true because girls who have given no evidence of homosexual tendencies beforehand, who have felt no overt lesbian impulses before coming to college, may mature as lesbians in the college environment. But the blame for this ought not to be laid at the school's door; homosexual impulses, so strongly condemned by society and so thoroughly beyond the pale for the socially acceptable girl, are so utterly smothered in the parental home and the high school environment that incipient lesbians are rarely aware of their inclinations before coming to college. There, in a more open environment where they are freer to form their own associations and fulfill their own potential for better or for

worse, these buried lesbian drives can spring into existence, seemingly out of thin air.

But at the same time this does not mean that every girl who engages in lesbian activity at college has come to college with an innate capacity for lesbianism. This is not true, either. A large number of girls, for example, arrive on the college campus with the capacity to develop along either heterosexual or homosexual lines, depending upon the particular influences and stresses to which they are subjected. And other girls, fundamentally heterosexual, will retreat into a convenient backwater of lesbianism at some point in the course of their college careers, either in the form of a relatively brief flirtation or as the dominant motif of late-adolescent sexuality. The majority of girls in this last-named situation will "grow out" of the lesbian pattern and will emerge eventually as heterosexuals. Others will remain in the lesbian half-world.

A theoretical discussion of this subject is inevitably limited in value for the average reader. We can examine the various categories and pigeonholes of collegiate lesbianism minutely without obtaining a very clear picture of the manner in which lesbian activity asserts itself in the college situation. The reader interested in a somewhat deeper study of the whole area of female homosexuality might wish to refer to my book, *The Lesbian*. But here and now, I think we might best form a good impression of campus lesbianism through a study of several typical case-histories, each presenting a somewhat different picture of the main topic.

Wilma Royce was virtually a textbook example of latent lesbianism when she set foot on the campus of Barrington College. Her family background was a familiar one—a strong-willed, dominant mother, a weak and unsuccessful alcoholic father. From early childhood, Wilma had learned to regard her father with affectionate contempt while she alternately loved and hated her mother. Her relationship with her parents constituted a general

reversal of the normal oedipal pattern; Wilma, instead of having submerged sexual desires for her male parent, had such inclinations for her mother. This is a pattern frequently encountered in cases of homosexuality, and the precise workings of it need not take up much of our time here.

In high school, Wilma led a generally inactive social life. She was not spectacularly attractive, and her figure did not develop until she was almost finished with high school. This, coupled with a retiring personality, kept her from attaining much popularity with boys. She had one very close girl friend, a girl named Sheila who was everything Wilma was not—outgoing, ultra-feminine, well-developed, and popular with boys. The few dates which Wilma had were usually arranged by Sheila.

The relationship of these two girls was not a sexual one, yet undertones of lesbianism were definitely present. Wilma was strongly drawn to Sheila, admired her appearance, and had distinctly sexual feelings toward the girl. But she had not the slightest understanding of lesbianism and did not recognize her feelings as anything more profound than solid friendship. By the time the two girls were seniors, Wilma's dependence on Sheila was extreme. She was jealous of every boy who dated Sheila, although she pretended that she was pleased by her friend's popularity. When Sheila applied to a college, Wilma entered her application to that same college. Sheila was accepted and Wilma was not.

This was a crushing blow, damaging to Wilma's ego on one hand and forcibly separating her from her friend on the other. At first she tried to talk Sheila into attending another school which had accepted both of the girls. When Sheila refused, Wilma felt personally rejected. She broke off with Sheila and became completely withdrawn. Then, the following fall, she went off to Barrington alone. She did not know a soul there. Although she was quite upset at being alone in a strange setting, Wilma began to adjust nicely to campus life. She was rushed by three sororities and pledged for one of them. She did

well enough in her classes and got involved in the theater group—not as an actress, because the prospect of getting up on a stage terrified her, but as a mistress of properties.

She dated, too, in a small way. She had never learned to relate to boys either as friends or as dates and she was uncomfortable with them, but she had become attractive enough to draw a certain amount of attention from them and, by this time, had developed a good figure. Her dates were casual ones. When she failed to establish any personal rapport with the boys she dated, they ceased to ask her out. One boy, however, asked her out several times and, at the conclusion of their fourth date, tried to get her to park with him in his car.

She was terrified, alternately attracted at the idea of sexual excitement and repelled by the affair at the same time. They had been drinking beer and the boy was bolder than he might have been otherwise. When she tried to get him to stop, he grabbed her and tried to thrust a hand under her skirt. She slapped his face and got out of the car and ran back to her room.

"I realized that there was no future in dating," she said later. "That you could never have a good relationship with a boy because the sex thing would always get in the way. I had started to like Arnold, to feel close to him, and then he had to go and do something filthy like that and ruin the whole thing. It opened my eyes."

From that point on Wilma began withdrawing from the entire male gender. She refused to listen when Arnold attempted to apologize; eventually he stopped trying. She turned down other dates gently but firmly and kept to herself, sublimating through involvement in studies and theater activities. But at the same time she was quite lonely.

A girl named Felice Ward was the next person to be intimately involved in Wilma's sexual development. Felice was one of the bright lights of the theatrical set at Barrington, a lovely young woman who, incidentally, seems to have borne a rather close resemblance to

Wilma's former bosom friend, Sheila. After a casual acquaintance for a period of several weeks, Felice began to cultivate Wilma. The two girls spent quite a bit of time together, sat up late at night over cups of black coffee, talking endlessly and getting along together perfectly.

"I felt close to her right away," Wilma told me. "I was flattered that she would be interested in my friendship. She was a very important person on campus. We talked about acting, about the theater. We hit it off so well that I just couldn't believe how lucky I was to have her for a friend. I didn't think of my feelings as sexual at the time. Not consciously. I knew that she didn't date, and that I was glad of that, but I didn't stop to figure out why I felt that way."

Felice didn't date for a fairly good reason—she had been exclusively homosexual for several years. It is highly probable that Wilma would have turned to lesbianism sooner or later anyway, but Felice's homosexuality made this turn inevitable. The actual seduction was accomplished in fairly standard fashion.

"We were at her place," Wilma said. "Felice had an apartment off-campus, a very nice place that she decorated herself. There was a dance that night, a big affair that neither of us went to. She put some quiet records on the hi-fi and brought out a good bottle of wine and we sat around drinking and talking. She started talking about men and we both said how we didn't care to go out with boys. She asked me if I was a virgin and I said that I was. I didn't ask her if she was. I think maybe I was afraid she would say that she had been with boys and that it would hurt me to know about it, so I didn't ask. She sat next to me and said that the closest thing in the world was a friendship between two girls, and it made me warm to hear that, and then all at once she kissed me. I didn't even stop to think that it was odd, two girls alone and kissing, because it seemed so very natural. She touched my breasts and I got a very thrilling feeling, all tingly, and then she sat back and smiled at

me She asked me if I knew what was happening and I said no, not exactly, and she told me she loved me. We got undressed and she made love to me."

The following semester Wilma dropped out of her sorority without an explanation and moved in with Felice. The homosexual relationship continued to seem "perfectly natural" to Wilma. At one point the two girls quarreled and Wilma was lost and frightened. then they got back together again once more. Over the summer, Wilma visited Felice and was introduced to a small circle of lesbians in Felice's home town. She learned the patois of the lesbian coterie, the recognition signals and the accepted code of behavior. By the time she and Felice broke off permanently, she was sufficiently sophisticated in homosexuality to get along on her own, finding her own partners and, in due course, initiating other young women into the lesbian fold.

I saw her not because she wished to "convert" to heterosexuality but because, as an adult lesbian attempting to get along in a heterosexual society, she was profoundly disturbed and had great difficulties in effecting a balance between her own homosexuality and her role in the world at large. She insisted, however, that she was perfectly satisfied with her sexual situation.

"This is what I am," she said. "If it hadn't happened at Barrington it would have happened elsewhere. I was just fortunate it happened as perfectly as it did, with Felice. You can analyze the whys and wherefores all the way down the line without changing the simple fact that I belong on the lesbian side of the fence. This is the right place for me."

For Wilma Royce, college was a place where her potential as a lesbian uncovered itself and was accepted. For Rita Jenkins and Alice Haberman, college was a place for the discovery of one's sexual side, a confusing time when different sexual practices were taken up and rejected in a spirit of trial-and-error. For both of these

girls, the problem of sexual maturation was a difficult one; the question of what to do and with whom to do it led to sufficient confusion to make lesbianism a possible alternative. Rita and Alice did not remain lesbians. In a sense they were never lesbians at all, but were only heterosexual girls flirting with homosexual activity.

They were both attractive and intelligent young girls, both first-year students at Klamath University. Chance had made them roommates, and compatible personalities quickly made them friends. They became increasingly closer as they shared the problems of classes, clothes, popularity, and men.

The two girls followed different paths in their social lives. Both were popular, but their dating patterns differed, as did their sexual experimentation.

Rita played the field socially. She had decided to avoid a serious relationship with any individual boy, and preferred to enjoy herself by dating a wide variety of young men. As far as sex was concerned, she functioned as one of those phenomenons of the modern campus—a promiscuous virgin. She necked with almost all of the boys she dated, sometimes spending several hours in a dark room or in a parked car, kissing and petting according to the standard techniques then prevalent on campus. Because she did not date any boy exclusively, it was not too difficult for Rita to remain a virgin. Petting, as we have mentioned earlier, is generally exciting insofar as the element of novelty is present; the same petting pattern repeated endlessly with the same partner is sure to turn sour sooner or later. Excitement is maintained either by going progressively further in techniques employed or by changing partners. Rita changed partners, and in this manner managed to derive a good deal of excitement without crossing the line of technical chastity.

This course of action served to keep sex constantly on her mind. Although she could easily go on in this fashion, she felt considerable pressure to go "all the way"—i.e., to have coitus. She also felt sexually frustrated a good

deal of the time because she experienced considerable difficulty in reaching orgasm through petting. Certain oral-genital techniques did bring her to orgasm, but for the most part petting left her tremendously stimulated and simultaneously frustrated to the point where sex was always on the scene and never wholly satisfactory.

Alice Haberman, on the other hand, began by dating several boys and then quickly narrowed her field of interest until she was dating one young man on a steady basis. She saw him several times a week and quickly developed a sexual relationship with him, advancing through the various stages of petting all the way to coitus. This initial act of coitus was, in effect, a near-rape —Alice's perfunctory *stop* orders, probably only half-meant, were for once ignored and the couple had sexual intercourse. Alice felt quite guilty and lightened her load of guilt by blaming the boy for what had happened. She broke off with him briefly, then went back together with him but did not have coitus again. Instead the two resumed petting.

By now, however, petting had lost its excitement completely for both of them. They began having intercourse once more, and Alice missed a menstrual period and thought she was pregnant. This turned out to be a false alarm, but the fear and recriminations which accompanied it were grave enough so that she broke off completely with the boy afterward.

Midway through the second semester of their first year, Rita and Alice were very close emotionally. Both were sexually confused and frustrated—Rita wanted to have coitus but was afraid, Alice had gone through a coital relationship, had found it quite frightening, and did not know which way to turn.

As it happened, both girls turned to homosexuality.

Oddly, neither was the aggressor. The initial experiment with lesbianism ran pretty much as follows: The two were alone in their room one evening. They had been discussing sex at great length, and had been sympa-

thizing with one another over their respective dilemmas. The discussion itself had had something of an aphrodisiacal effect, which, added to their basic frustration, left them keyed up and ready for the spark.

Rita, with apparent innocence, began describing a particular kissing technique which a new boy friend had taught her. Alice said she didn't quite understand what Rita was talking about, and Rita offered to demonstrate. The girls kissed.

At this point, probably neither one was consciously aware of the implications of the situation. But the kiss had a tremendously exciting effect upon both of the girls. They sat back suddenly, stared at each other. Then, simultaneously, they reached for one another a second time and kissed passionately, hungrily.

Rita asked what on earth they were doing. Alice said that she didn't know but that she was enjoying herself. With neither girl quite taking the lead, they moved to Alice's bed and began petting, feeling one another's breasts and performing other acts of love-play. They undressed and went to bed together, bringing one another to powerful climaxes through manual and oral stimulation.

The relationship continued in this fashion for approximately two weeks. At first the two were sexually insatiable, finding delight in each other's bodies with childlike enthusiasm. Love was never an ingredient in this relationship—neither girl professed to love the other, and neither girl thought of herself specifically as a lesbian. The two realized that they were engaging in homosexual activity, but even then they thought of what they were doing as something to be done "just for the fun of it," an essentially innocent diversion which did not change the fact that both of them were basically heterosexual.

After about two weeks, Rita and Alice abruptly stopped having sexual relations. The exact motive for their stopping the relationship is hard to pin down. Evidently they both felt guilty over what they had been

doing and realized that, if nothing else, the habit of lesbianism might turn out to be a hard one to break. Something which might be passed off as meaningless if indulged in once or twice would have to be faced up to as more than that if continued for a substantial period of time.

At first, after the termination of sexual relations, the girls' friendship cooled somewhat—probably each girl was slightly embarrassed in the presence of the other by the tangible reminder of forbidden sexual behavior. But this phase passed as the two reoriented themselves along heterosexual lines and resumed making more nearly direct progress toward sexual maturity.

The road was still not a terribly smooth one. Alice did become pregnant a year later and married the boy who impregnated her, with the marriage ending in divorce two years thereafter. Rita did not become truly promiscuous once she lost her virginity—which she did almost immediately upon the conclusion of her lesbian affair, incidentally—but the girl did go through a period of "sleeping around" during her sophomore year.

Aside from that single two-week period in their freshman year, neither girl ever had any further homosexual experience.

These case histories should give the reader a general acquaintance with some of the more common patterns of campus lesbianism. In the first case, a girl with extreme lesbian tendencies was seduced at school by an experienced lesbian. But, as Wilma herself suggested, it is most likely that she would have turned to female homosexuality sooner or later once the opportunity presented itself.

In the second case, two young girls with no particular predisposition for homosexuality spontaneously developed a lesbian relationship. A combination of external and internal forces served to make such a relationship temporarily attractive. And, because lesbianism was

not a genuinely suitable course of sexual behavior for these girls, the relationship died out of its own accord and left no permanent scars upon them.

It should be unnecessary to state that there are an infinite variety of lesbian behavior patterns which do not conform to the two cases discussed here. Some girls come to college with a prior history of overt lesbianism, for example. Some function throughout college as genuine bisexuals, having sexual relations with men and women on an equal basis. Some girls, profoundly disappointed in heterosexual activity, turn to lesbianism and remain lesbians permanently. Homosexuality, like any sexual practice, is hard to turn from after it has served as a wholly satisfactory sexual outlet for an extended period of time. As one girl put it, "You can't teach a child to dislike ice cream once he develops a taste for it." Similarly, you can hardly train an individual to lose the taste for a sexual practice which he has already learned to enjoy.

The rebellion syndrome, which we discussed in an earlier chapter, often leads to essentially harmless and temporary flirtation with lesbianism. It would be hard to imagine a way of life more sharply at odds with conventional morality than homosexuality, certainly, and the girl who wishes to fly in the face of convention can do so quite thoroughly by engaging in homosexual relations.

But lesbian behavior arising from such motivation is generally short-lived—unless the rebellious girl has had strong homosexual tendencies in the first place. In such a case rebellion has simply served as the impetus for the realization of basic homosexual drives.

Occasionally lesbianism will seem to be "in vogue" in a given college or dormitory. A sudden epidemic of female homosexuality may burst upon a group of girls. Such a situation occurred a few years ago at a small college in the Far West when a twenty-year-old girl, an overt lesbian for several years, managed to get herself appointed as Hall Advisor to a group of sixteen incom-

ing freshmen. In what may be described as the greatest triumph in conversion since some of the early Christian apostles, this young woman managed to seduce an even dozen of her young charges within the first two months of the school year. The group of girls, playing with homosexuality like a two-year old with a new toy, engaged in orgiastic lesbian behavior, with girls slipping from bed to bed, taking obscene photographs of one another, experimenting with troilistic and pluralistic lesbian activity, and so on. Ultimately, of course, the Hall Advisor was discovered by the authorities and was summarily expelled from the college. The girls, all placed on probation for a year, quite quickly abandoned homosexuality—except for two, who tried to give it up and found themselves drifting back into a lesbian relationship which was too much for them. The two were expelled; one tragically killed herself shortly thereafter.

The life of a lesbian on a college campus is no bed of roses. Almost all colleges are quick to expel any girl who makes herself obvious as a homosexual, although some are less inclined than others to go about looking for evidences of homosexuality. In any event, the lesbian at college must be enormously secretive about her sexual peculiarity. She cannot make sexual overtures to a girl unless she is already fairly certain that the girl is a lesbian herself, or that she will at least take a tolerant view of such overtures. She must hide any relationships in which she engages from the rest of her colleagues, risking a minimum of social ostracism if she is discovered and a maximal penalty of expulsion and disgrace.

This need for secrecy is a characteristic of the lives of most homosexuals, male or female, in college or out of it. But in the outside world a lesbian has the opportunity to live her secret life in the midst of a group of similarly-inclined persons, a group which, in larger cities, constitutes a full-scale homosexual subculture. The social order in a college, similar as it is to life in a goldfish bowl, affords no such possibilities.

Generally speaking, the best place for a lesbian is a large urban university. There authorities are less inclined to intrude into a student's sex life, there the possibilities for concealment are much greater, and there a female homosexual is more likely to find herself accepted by a greater body of persons who, like her, march in step to a different drummer.

Petting vs. Coitus

AS THE reader has no doubt noticed, we keep brushing up against the topic of petting in discussing the various aspects of the sexual behavior of college girls. This is a topic which is all too often passed over quickly in an analysis of premarital sexual conduct. For the average adult, petting is thought of as a few kisses and a few caresses, serving as an expression of adolescent love, yielding a certain amount of sexual stimulation and, in certain circumstances, apt to serve as a prelude to sexual intercourse.

This was more nearly true years ago; it is true now with full-fledged adults. Grown men and women do not spend hours engaging in love play which they do not intend to follow up with intercourse. They either go to bed together or they do not. The various components of what we call petting were formerly regarded strictly as pref-

atory remarks, a prologue as it were to the main drama of full-scale copulation.

In fact, one of the better marriage manuals quotes a statement to the effect that any woman who gives a man her lips will in time yield up possession of her whole body—i.e., a woman who will institute sex play of even the mildest sort will permit herself to be seduced. This statement could only summon up laughter on the average college campus, where the greater majority of coeds will grant boys not only their lips but their breasts and legs and still other parts of their bodies—and will all the while have not the slightest intention of having sexual intercourse.

The complexity of petting becomes still more evident when one takes into consideration the virtually infinite number of "stages" possible in a petting relationship. A sexual relationship will generally begin with a goodnight kiss—not a specifically sexual act at all, really, but more a token of friendship and appreciation. The next step, generally, will consist of more prolonged kissing sessions, with the *French* or *Soul Kiss* introduced, in which the tongue of either partner is used to caress the lips and mouth of the other.

A subdivision of petting, known as necking, is employed to describe activity in which petting techniques are confined to the faces and throats of both partners. The next advance will usually consist of the boy's manipulation of the girl's breasts, with the breasts clothed. Still another plateau is reached when the boy begins to caress the bared breasts of the girl with his hands, with yet another level reached when he applies oral caresses to the girl's breasts.

The next big line is the distinction between above-the-waist and below-the-waist petting. (Again a geographical distinction; young persons seem to have devilishly logical minds.) The next stage might consist of the boy's stroking the girl's legs and thighs. Then another stage at which the girl's genitals are caressed with a layer of clothing separating hand and loins, a stage without the

clothing in the way, and so on throughout all these techniques which marriage manuals outline under the general heading of foreplay.

The final major division separates simple petting and petting which leads to orgasm for either or both of the partners. Orgasm may be reached through mutual masturbation, through oral stimulation, or through that youthful phenomenon known in the vernacular as the "dry run," a process in which the two partners, fully clothed, lie in the position of a couple having coitus and go through the motions of copulation until friction engenders sufficient excitement to achieve orgasm.

This happy catalogue should not leave the reader with the impression that everything is quite so meticulously stylized and that an undergraduate couple's petting activity is planned out in advance, with the program undertaken a step at a time. A couple may begin heavy petting on their first date, and another couple may spend weeks at a given stage before suddenly leaping forward three or four stages at once. But the fact that so many levels of achievement are recognized should leave no doubt in anyone's mind that petting plays a monumental role in undergraduate sexual behavior, that a whole body of rules and regulations, conventions and protocol has grown up around the practice, or that deciding how far to go, and when, and with whom, is not a question of paramount importance to an overwhelming number of college students.

A college's official position in regard to petting is hard to pin down. Any college takes a dim view of premarital coitus, just as any college realizes that light petting is normal and not to be discouraged. But, as we have seen, there is a multitude of activity that falls between light petting and coitus. The practical response of the average college is probably as close to ideal as one can expect, all things considered; the colleges try on the one hand to keep students from finding an environment conducive to heavy petting in private, and on the other hand pretend that the practice does not exist.

But what attitude should one take in this matter? Is petting good or bad? Is petting-to-orgasm to be preferred to coitus as a course of action for unmarried college students? Conversely, is coitus to be advocated as preferable? Should all heavy petting be discouraged? Does it serve a positive function?

It seems to me that these questions have not been properly asked, let alone answered. Given the role petting plays in college sexual behavior—and it plays a tremendous role—it is ridiculous for us, examining the overall topic, to pretend that the practice and its effects are unimportant. And it is just as absurd to assess petting without realizing the dimensions of its role.

For example, it is commonplace for persons to argue against petting on the grounds that it may lead to coitus. It may. So may dancing, or drinking, or love, or a close brush with death. And this argument completely misses the important point that the heavier stages of petting are specifically engineered not to lead to coitus but to serve as a substitute for coitus.

Similarly, petting is defended as "safer" than coitus. What is safe about it is hard to define, but this argument generally breaks down to the fact that petting will not make a girl pregnant, a point which one would hardly attempt to refute. Undergraduate pregnancy, however it is to be resolved, is certainly tragic. But if the only consideration in matters of college sexual behavior is the aim of avoiding pregnancy, one might better outfit all incoming freshmen with contraceptives and information on their use and wish them godspeed.

Again, petting is attacked on the grounds that it is sexual activity—another unshakeable premise, by the way. And, according to this argument, sexual activity should be the exclusive province of married persons. This argument is at least consistent; its only flaw is that it is completely out of touch with reality. The entire dating process, the entire system of mate-selection, the whole concept of sexual maturation—all of this is sexual activity, and jolly well ought to be. One does not become

sexually mature by taking a pill or passing a written examination. College students are sexual beings and are going to function as sexual beings whether they engage in heavy petting or not, and an attack on petting predicated on these grounds does not hold water.

An understanding of the behavior patterns which emerge in the course of petting shows how incomplete all of these questions are. In the chapter immediately preceding this one, for example, we examined the case of Rita Jenkins. Prior to her lesbian activity, we may recall, Rita was what might be labelled a promiscuous virgin. Although she had never had coitus, she was in the habit of petting quite heavily with all of the boys whom she dated.

When we contrast this promiscuous virginity with the actions of a girl who does have coitus, but who does so only with one man and as a function of a full-scale emotional relationship, we can begin to see the complexity of the situation. Which is more moral—promiscuous sexual conduct on the part of a technical virgin, or coital monogamy? Which is a more desirable state? Which is less dangerous? Which is more apt to lead to a successful sexual adjustment?

This final question would seem to me to be the most wholly relevant one. Precise decisions of morality are more a matter for philosophers or theologians than for us. In order to come to any sensible conclusions, we must be unashamedly pragmatic, and our pragmatism must aim at answering this basic question—i.e., what general code of sexual conduct in respect to petting is most likely to lay the groundwork for a healthy future sex life?

The whole concept of petting, particularly in its more intense stages, is predicated upon the tacit assumption that there is a tremendous difference between virginity and non-virginity, and hence between coital and non-coital sexual practices. The historic basis of this distinction, of course, rests on the fact that virgins do not become pregnant. This eternal truth, which we have seen

used as an argument in petting's favor, is at the root of the practice's popularity.

But it does not explain the whole thing. If universally effective oral contraceptives were made instantly available to every girl upon a college campus, all those who now pet would not instantly copulate. The line between coital activity and non-coital activity, originally drawn because pregnancy might follow on the heels of coitus, has become an entity in itself. It has in fact attained such significance that petting practices which adhere to the letter of the law—practices, that is, which leave a girl technically a virgin in that a penis has not intruded into her vagina—are premissable no matter how thoroughly the spirit of the law is violated. It does not seem to matter that a girl feels in petting the same thrills that she would feel in coitus, or that she responds in precisely the same fashion, or even that she reaches a climax which differs in no discernible fashion from the orgasm a woman achieves in sexual intercourse. None of this matters. She is a virgin while another girl is not, and the distinction is a huge one.

A rather serious charge against petting derives from this situation. Simply stated, it is this—far too much importance is being attached to a thoroughly nonsensical distinction.

How does this affect the girl who pets? It does so in a number of subtle ways. For one thing, it permits a degree of physical involvement far out of proportion to the emotional involvement evident in a given relationship. A girl may engage in advanced petting with a boy whom she does not love and does not profess to love, all the while justifying her actions on the grounds that she is not going all the way, that she is not having coitus, that the ultimate expression of sexual intimacy is being withheld.

But this does not negate the fact that a great deal of intimacy is *not* being withheld, but that it is being bestowed upon another person for whom no love is felt. Furthermore, one might well maintain that a couple

spending literally hours on end exploring one another's bodies and discovering new ways to engender sexual excitement for one another surely attains a greater degree of intimacy than do those couples who have no sexual activity aside from brief bouts of coitus. In this sense, a pair of virginal college students are more intimate than were their grandparents during marriage!

What all this points to is that the general acceptance of heavy petting cannot but create a situation wherein sex is held cheaply. If a girl can pet promiscuously before marriage, can reach profound levels of sexual intimacy with a variety of men, it is not unreasonable to suspect that she will be quite capable of adultery after marriage. The same attitude toward sex is implied in either instance.

As an extension of this same argument, a history of heavy petting before marriage can jade one's appetite to the point where sex is not nearly as exciting or fulfilling as it ought to be. As we have observed, the line between heavy petting and coitus is a tenuous and shaky one at best, a purely arbitrary distinction. The girl who pets a great deal but who refuses to cross that invisible line cannot help but build up an extraordinarily rosy picture of the other side of the line. Coitus is inevitably visualized as a sexual experience far more delightful and moving than those practices which are already part of her repertoire.

And yet it is not that very much more. The sensations may be different, the mechanics may differ, but sexual excitement is sexual excitement and an orgasm is an orgasm—the central nervous system produces pretty much the same vibrations whether they are occasioned by finger or phallus.

By way of illustration, I might point to a young couple who came to my office within the past year. They had been married for several months after a two-year courtship. They had made what seemed to be a perfectly satisfactory sexual adjustment in marriage, with both husband and wife finding coitus comfortable and enjoyable

and with orgasm always reached in coitus. Yet they came to me because they were convinced that something was missing in their sex life.

In the course of discussion, it became apparent that their sex life was not at fault; the fault lay in their expectations. At one point the young bride dropped the observation that coitus "wasn't too much more exciting than what we had been doing before." I asked, reasonably enough, just what it was that they had done before marriage. They told me that, for the four months prior to marriage, that had engaged in mutual masturbation, cunnilingus and fellatio.

Astonishing? I think not. It is surprising, perhaps, that these two persons would be moved to seek professional counsel. But it is no great surprise that they should find coitus to be less exciting than they had come to believe it would be. I suspect that this one couple is exceptional not that they were disappointed with sexual intercourse but that they were trying to do something about it. Most persons in their position would merely live with their disappointment instead of seeking guidance.

This, then, is what is the matter with petting. An odd overemphasis of technical virginity, coupled with an equally odd disregard for spiritual virginity, as it were, has led to a situation in which sexual intimacy is often taken too lightly, and in which coitus cannot be as thrilling for a couple as they have every right to expect it to be.

And these charges are rather vital ones. Whether it is moral or immoral for unmarried college students to be sexually active, whether petting leads toward or away from premarital intercourse—these are questions which might be answered differently by different persons. But these two faults would seem fundamental to the whole concept of petting as a widespread sexual outlet for the unmarried. They appear to be universal.

That, then, is what is wrong with petting. But is there another side? What, then, is *right* with petting?

As we shall see, quite a bit is.

One of the chief virtues of petting, like its chief faults, derives directly from what it truly is -coital foreplay undertaken as an end in itself. As we have seen, this gives it some fairly unpleasant properties. It also lends it its greatest advantage.

What is this advantage?

We might state it simply as follows: A period in late adolescence or early adulthood, prior to marriage, in which petting is the primary sexual outlet for the individual, serves to educate the individual in respect to the performance of his or her sexual role in the marriage relationship.

In other words, petting is a valuable sort of preparation for the individual's later sex life. In more than one way, petting teaches things which must be learned sooner or later if one is to function adequately on a sexual plane. Petting, although undertaken with the main aim of gaining sensual and emotional pleasure, plays a distinctly educational role in the process of sexual maturation.

First of all, the male or female college student who pets to a substantial degree learns an extraordinary amount about sexual technique. This point is a fairly obvious one—a boy cannot spend hours handling a female body without acquiring some familiarity with that body, some understanding of the best methods of making love to it. A girl cannot kiss and be kissed for hours on end without building up a substantial body of knowledge about the techniques of the kiss. This is an elementary point; if one learns by doing, petting surely teaches quite a bit about the simple and complex mechanics of love-making.

But this goes even further than we might think. Perhaps the greatest contribution of the average twentieth century "marriage manual" has been the extreme emphasis such books place upon foreplay, upon the precoital stimulation of one party by the other, and especially of the female by the male. The general necessity of intensive foreplay in order to make sex more enjoyable for

man and wife, and in order to magnify the wife's chances of reaching orgasm in coitus, is a point which our culture has only begun to understand in relatively recent times. Even today, an astonishingly high proportion of marital sexual relationships consist of simple coitus, engaged in with no preparation beyond a kiss or two and a brief bodily caress.

But the average college student who goes through a period of intensive petting knows far more about foreplay than the average married person ever learned in years past. All those techniques of foreplay designed to excite a woman and ready her for copulation—all of these are techniques employed in intensive petting. All the ways to receive a man's caresses, to excite him in turn —all of these, too, are skills which a college girl acquires in a petting relationship.

The argument might be advanced that one does not expect individuals to acquire sexual skills prior to marriage, that all "learning" in this area of human behavior is to be undertaken after marriage between husband and wife. This may sound good at first, but it simply does not make a great deal of sense. Every single step of the dating process consists, to one degree or another, of acquiring skills in essentially sexual relationships. If one argues that the techniques of foreplay are only to be learned after marriage, one might just as well carry the argument a little further and hold that such sexual graces as being able to carry on a conversation with a member of the opposite sex ought similarly to be reserved for the married. A distinction between physical and non-physical sexual skills does not hold up well, either.

The dating process, certainly, has a general purpose. Ideally it ought to serve to make males and females alike able to relate to one another, ought to further the process of mate-selection so that married couples will be well-matched—by themselves, nowadays, rather than by parental decree—and ought to outfit these individuals with the skills and graces which will make them most nearly

capable of having a marriage that is ideal in terms of interpersonal relationships, sexual and otherwise.

It should stand to reason, then, that any skills which will be of definite value in marriage, and which can be acquired beforehand with no ill effects to all concerned, are desirable by-products of this dating process. If petting supplies techniques which will make for a more satisfactory sexual relationship between husband and wife, then these skills are valuable ones and it is to petting's advantage that they are supplied.

But skills and techniques tell only one side of the story of petting's "educational value." Petting is even more valuable in respect to the roles it teaches males and females to play, roles which mirror those individual's eventual roles in marriage.

In petting, a young man performs a variety of acts with one primary object—i.e., the sexual stimulation of his partner. Everything which he does actively is actively directed at furthering and heightening her passion. A great proportion of the pleasure which he gains from petting is pleasure which derives directly from the pleasure which he imparts to the girl who is his partner.

The girl, on the other hand, learns to respond to the caresses which her partner bestows upon her. She learns to react properly to sexual pleasure, learns how her body functions, learns how to become excited and how to fan the flames of this excitement which is brought to her. In ever so many cases of extreme female frigidity in marriage, when no profound unconscious cause exists, I have found it to be the case that the bride simply does not know how to respond, has not mastered that combination of concentration and relaxation which facilitates the growth and development of female passion.

And, as I pointed out in my book, *A Modern Marriage Manual*, I have also found it to be true that girls with a premarital history of petting are far less likely to be frigid in the early stages of marriage. They have learned to respond, they have learned to play the woman's role

in sex. And they are thus able to respond in coitus as well, and to function as fully adequate sexual partners.

This aspect of petting, this teaching of roles, greatly facilitates the individual's relating on a sexual level. And it would be hard to overemphasize the value of such education. Anyone who appreciates the difficulties involved in a marital sexual adjustment between two individuals who do not understand the mechanics—physical and emotional—of sexual response, can readily grasp the value of petting in this connection. It is no easy task to teach a man to be a lover, to make love to his wife, to concentrate completely on the task of pleasing her sexually. It is no easy task to teach a woman how to respond. And these are abilities which are much simpler to grasp when taken up a little at a time, which is essentially what happens in the stage-by-stage pattern of petting. In this sense, certainly, the non-coital sex play so indigenous to the American college campus must be said to serve as a very valid and valuable preparation for marriage.

If the reader had hoped for a clear-cut answer to the petting question, a firm *yes* or *no* as to whether or not petting should be indulged in before marriage, then he has every right to be disappointed. For there are powerful arguments against petting and powerful arguments in its favor, and one would be erring in either condemning the practice out of hand or giving it carte blanche approval.

There are certain cases in which a decision as to the advisability of petting is easy to hit upon. One would not have to ponder the question too long, for instance, before deciding that the promiscuous virgin, the girl who pets indiscriminately while retaining technical virginity, is different in no essential respect from the girl who is promiscuous in coitus. Whether the medium of sexual exchange is coital or not, such a girl holds herself cheaply and employs sex cheaply. Morality aside, she is "learning"

sexual habits which will not serve her in good stead in later years.

And one can also state without too much thought that an engaged couple, or any two persons seriously contemplating marriage in the near future, most definitely ought to pet to a greater or lesser degree. Marriage is a difficult enough proposition, and sexual adjustment a sufficiently complex matter, under the most ideal conditions. When too very much remains to be learned after the wedding, the first several weeks or months of marriage can be genuinely disastrous. For this reason, premarital intercourse itself is often advocated for engaged couples, and in many instances it is probably a desirable course of action. This is an individual matter, however. But a certain amount of sexual education through the medium of petting can scarcely help facilitating later sexual adjustment and teaching the male to make love and the female to receive it.

But in all those campus relationships which fall somewhere in between the utterly casual and the extremely intimate, it is difficult if not impossible to tell young persons just what to do, and when, and how, and with whom. This is a personal matter, and an eminently individual matter, and what may be right in one situation may well turn out to be very wrong in another.

There are guidelines, however. Petting ought always to be a part and parcel of an emotional relationship—not a love situation, necessarily, but a dating relationship in which emotional intimacy exists on a par with purely physical intimacy.

And, secondly, one ought always to assess one's personal feelings in determining the degree of physical involvement which one will undertake. If a step seems wrong, it probably will be wrong. If one can undertake a certain sort of petting relationship without any feelings that the relationship is unwise or immoral, then, on the other hand, such a step is more likely to be desirable in the long run.

Pregnancy

A FUNDAMENTAL CHARACTERISTIC of contemporary sexual standards has been a hard-headed and pragmatic approach to morality. For better or for worse, we seem to be increasingly concerned not with what is innately "right" but with what is most likely to have "right" results. Various types of "immoral" behavior are proscribed not so much because we feel that they are wrong but because we fear what may come of them, not because of their evilness but because of the danger they carry with them.

Premarital intercourse is a leading case in point. As we saw in the chapter immediately preceding this one, the fact that petting cannot lead to childbirth is the basis of the tremendous distinction now made between petting and coitus, notwithstanding the fact that a whole body of myths has grown up to reinforce this distinction and

lend it some special meaning. And in a vast majority of cases, it is the danger of premarital pregnancy which constitutes the major reason for all the concern over premarital sexual behavior. Parents even admit that they are not so much concerned over the morality of their children's sexual experimentation as they are over the possible dividends to be gleaned through such experimentation.

A mother encouraged her son to go to an out-of-town school, then forced her daughter to attend college in her home town. Her explanation? "I want her home where I can keep an eye on her. It's different with Jack. Boys don't get pregnant."

A father told me he didn't care whether or not his son had sexual experience at college. "He's young," he said, "and he can have all the fun he wants, as far as I'm concerned. I just took him aside and gave him a box of rubbers and told him to have the good sense to use them. Having a good time is one thing, but giving a girl a baby is something else again, and I told him to be careful. That's all, just to be careful."

A college official explained the school's policy on premarital intercourse. "We feel that sexual conduct, insofar as it doesn't offend good taste and impede the school's own functioning, is largely a matter of personal choice. We prefer to take the position that our students are mature enough to decide for themselves what is proper and what is not. Officially we have rules against it, of course, but we don't pretend to enforce them. Of course, if a girl gets pregnant without being married, then she's automatically requested to withdraw. You can't have unmarried and pregnant women wandering around a campus. That may seem as though we're permitting the practice and punishing the results, but if there's a way around it, I haven't found it yet."

A determinedly modern mother obtained a prescription for oral contraceptives and gave her daughter a six-month supply the day the girl left for school. "This isn't an order to use them," she said. "But if you wind

up sleeping with somebody, for Christ's sake take precautions."

The general impression one gets from a quick look at these candid remarks is that our sexual morality in regard to premarital coitus is Spartan in nature; one can do whatever one wants, as long as one does not get caught.

But college girls do get caught.

They become pregnant to an appalling degree. Statistics are not generally available and would not tell much if they were, but we can say without qualification that a very high proportion of college girls become pregnant before marriage, relatively speaking. And we may also say that the overwhelming proportion of these unwed pregnancies have an element of sheer tragedy about them. Sometimes things work out, sometimes things fall apart at the seams—but in any event, a premarital pregnancy is never a cause for joy.

A college girl who engages in coitus without being married is far more likely to become pregnant as a result than is the unmarried older woman who similarly participates in sexual intercourse. The college student, far more likely to suffer greatly from such an unwanted pregnancy, is far more often the one to carry an illegitimate child.

There are several reasons for this, all of them rather easy to understand. First and most obvious, the college girl has less knowledge of contraceptive techniques and considerably less access to contraceptive devices. While a mature woman might obtain oral contraceptives or have herself professionally fitted for a diaphragm almost as a matter of course upon the commencement of a love affair, it is extremely rare for a college student to do this.

"I wouldn't know where to go," one girl said. "I couldn't go to my family doctor, certainly, and I couldn't go to anybody anywhere near the college. I suppose I could go off campus and drive to a neighboring town and get fitted, but I would be terribly embarrassed. I

think it would make me feel dirty, to go deliberately seek out contraceptives as though I were a real pro at having an affair."

Many girls similarly feel that contraception is a male problem. "I took it for granted that he would use something," one pregnant co-ed said.

"Did you ask him if he was taking precautions?"

"No. But I was sure he would," she said.

The general ignorance of the college girl, especially outstanding in this day of widespread sexual information, is also a great factor here. While college girls probably know more at the present time than they ever did previously about contraception, their false notions and misconceptions are enough to stagger the mind. One particularly foggy area relates to the so-called "safe" days —those days of the menstrual cycle when conception is supposedly impossible.

Even when the cycle is checked by a doctor, and when this "rhythm" method of birth control is undertaken under the best possible conditions, it is a chancy business at best. But when a college girl tries to figure out her "safe" days on her own, without a careful record of her cycle and without a clear-cut understanding of the principles of the rhythm system, the results can be summed up in one word. *Pregnant.*

Because we officially refuse to countenance premarital coitus for unmarried college students, we similarly make it difficult for them to obtain contraceptives or to get contraceptive information. Dispensing such material to students, it is argued, would be tantamount to giving them a license to copulate. Supply a young lady with birth control information and you are giving tacit approval to any acts of coitus in which she may indulge.

The logic of this argument escapes me, I must confess. One need not anticipate exposure to smallpox in order to get a vaccination; vaccinations are dispensed automatically and universally as a general preventive measure. It cannot hurt anyone to be vaccinated, and it might well be of value; thus, accept for a few religious minor-

ities, no one objects to the practice of vaccinating all infants.

Why, then, should not all college students be supplied with information on contraceptive techniques and principles? The ones who are going to have coitus will do so whether they are thus supplied or not. The ones who are going to remain chaste will not be spurred by this information to copulate as soon as possible. Contraceptive information has never been noted for its aphrodisiacal effects. Why withhold information which might prove to be of so much value?

A further cause of college pregnancy is the rather hectic and haphazard manner in which so many campus love affairs are conducted. Unless the privacy of an off-campus apartment is readily available, coitus can rarely be engaged in under ideal conditions. All too often the meeting place is a bed in a dormitory room, or the back seat of a car, or a couch in a darkened student lounge, or a space on the lawn of the campus itself.

When this is the case, caution is frequently thrown to the winds in the process of finding sexual satisfaction without being discovered by the authorities. One cannot be too very careful in the back seat of an automobile.

Still, advance preparation on the girl's part, either with diaphragm or pill, would be effective in such cases. An adult woman going out on a date which she felt might end with coitus would surely take such preparations. As we have seen, however, such precautions are not always readily available to the college girl.

But there is more to it than that. A sizable proportion of college love affairs are not planned at all, and the possibility that an evening will end in such a fashion is not acknowledged, particularly by the girl. Even when she has already decided to have sexual intercourse with a boy, it is hard for her to make the concrete admission of her decision by taking contraceptive measures.

This is most especially the case with virgins. Most girls seek to justify the loss of their virginity on the grounds

that they "got carried away" by sexual passion, or that they "didn't know what they were doing." As we have mentioned earlier, this is more often rationalization than truth. But it is a very handy rationalization for a type of behavior which the girl cannot still wholly accept as legitimate, so much so that contraception is all too often abandoned in such cases.

At the same time, there are many cases of couples having totally unplanned bouts of sexual grappling. With opportunities for privacy at a minimum, and with the tremendous enthusiasm for sexual activity which characterizes one's early experiences at coitus, young lovers have a tendency to avail themselves of every opportunity for coitus that presents itself. When a pair of young lovers suddenly discover that they have a half hour or so of uninterrupted privacy ahead of them, in surroundings which will provide a comfortable atmosphere for sexual relations, the lack of contraceptive materials will rarely serve to discourage them.

Some very precarious methods of birth control are often brought into play at such times. *Coitus interruptus*, in which the male withdraws from the female before ejaculation, is commonly employed; aside from the fact that the seminal fluid which is emitted prior to ejaculation can occasionally cause pregnancy, the method is about as reliable as Russian roulette. Calling as it does for extraordinary amount of control on the part of male and female alike, it is an absolutely dreadful means of preventing pregnancy.

Lack of information, lack of available contraceptives, an unwillingness to use those contraceptives that are available, spontaneous acts of coitus, less than ideal situations for coitus—these are all some of the reasons why college girls get pregnant.

The next question, and a very crucial one, is a logical successor. What do they do after they are pregnant?

The pregnant college girl has several possible courses of action at her disposal. None of them are tremendously

attractive, largely because unmarried pregnancy is itself so very unattractive a situation. Some, however, are a little more hazardous than others.

Frequently the most logical expedient seems to be marriage. If a girl is pregnant, and if some boy has made her pregnant, what could be more reasonable than uniting the two of them in bonds of holy matrimony? As a general rule, this solution is the most acceptable one from the standpoint of society. The social order discourages illegitimate children, and an illegitimate child is one born out of wedlock—it does not matter at all when the child has been conceived, as long as its parents are married on the day of its birth. The world at large is thus inclined to be far more tolerant of a girl who, once pregnant, immediately marries, than of a girl who has her baby out of wedlock or otherwise disposes of it. From a societal standpoint, it is best if the horse and cart of marriage and conception come in the right order. But it is preferable to have the cart before the horse than to have no horse at all.

And yet I cannot advise marriage as the automatic follow-up to premarital pregnancy. The immediate disaster of birth-out-of-wedlock may be avoided by such a move, but a whole train of disasters can rapidly follow upon the heels of the forced marriage. The most obvious disaster, simply enough, is that the persons are brought together in what is supposed to be a permanent compact when they may not be at all suited to one another and when they may have not the slightest emotional regard for one another.

Marriages of this nature are not as dramatically horrid as an illegitimate birth, perhaps. The horror is more subtle. And it very often makes itself known through the medium of a profoundly unhappy marriage which, sooner or later, falls apart at a divorce court. I can scarcely see why a thoroughly unsuccessful marriage is so much better than no marriage at all, or why the biological fact of the existence of a child who should not have been conceived in the first place should lead auto-

matically to a marriage which similarly should not have occurred in the first place.

It seems to me that a definite distinction should be made, in cases of premarital pregnancy, between affairs which would eventually have led to marriage anyway and more casual affairs which would not have ended in such a manner. If a couple is engaged, or if a couple enjoys the sort of relationship which is likely to lead to marriage, then the conception of a child can lead to a quick marriage which does not greatly upset the overall scheme of things. The persons involved may be secure in the realization that they would have gotten married anyway, sooner or later, and that pregnancy merely hurried the state.

This sort of marriage happens so frequently nowadays, among college students and older persons as well, that guilt is at a minimum and social stigma is minute. While tongues will wag, proclaiming that so-and-so "*had* to get married," this sort of gossip lends no permanent badge of shame to the couple involved or to their child, and is rather quickly forgotten.

But when marriage would never have been thought of without pregnancy having occurred, then marriage would appear to be a cure which is worse than the illness. Such marriages can work out; they often do. But they often do not, and even in an era of easy divorce a broken marriage of this sort is no bargain. Some other solution to the problem of premarital pregnancy ought to be looked for.

If a college girl is pregnant, and if she is not going to marry the father of her unborn child, there are three things she can do. She can have an abortion, or she can have her child and give it up for adoption, or she can have her child and keep it.

In certain societies, abortion may be a wholly acceptable solution. In Japan, where abortions are legal and socially acceptable, an unmarried mother-to-be will

choose such a solution almost as a matter of course. The same thing holds true to a somewhat lesser extent in the Scandinavian countries. From an ethical standpoint, it may be argued that abortion is not much different from contraception, if in fact it is different at all. In either instance a birth is prevented because such a birth is not desired and would be inconvenient to all concerned.

But whether or not such an attitude toward abortion is logical and desirable, the fact remains that such an attitude most certainly does not prevail in America at the present time. Abortions, except when necessary to preserve the health of the mother, are illegal. A man who performs abortions, whether a qualified physician or an unlicensed butcher, is a man who is profiting by an act which society regards as a sort of murder.

In a small number of cases, abortions of an illegal nature are performed by qualified persons under sanitary operating-room conditions—in which case the operation is an eminently simple one with little in the way of attendant complications. But such abortionists are rarely available to college girls; they draw their trade from the upper echelons of society and charge a prohibitive price for their illegal services. More often the college girl winds up on the table of a quack or butcher who operates under poor conditions, who cannot deal with any complications which might arise, and who may easily cause the death or permanent damage of his patient.

Even if "safe" abortion is available, the psychological effects of such an operation are often devastating for an American college student. Even when a girl is intellectually convinced that there is nothing wrong with having an abortion, her emotional reaction to the experience will rarely be good. In the long run, the guilt and fear occasioned by abortion far outweigh the convenience it may seem to afford. And the necessity of breaking a law, of seeking out an abortionist, of going through the whole messy routine of subterfuge—none of this constitutes an ideal experience. Although one can readily argue the ad-

vantages of abortion in a society where they are legal and socially acceptable, abortion remains perhaps the least attractive alternative in America today.

The girl who elects to keep her baby without getting married is making a choice which is certainly not without a good deal of merit. The experience of having a child grow up within one's body, of childbirth itself, will often make the idea of giving up a baby an unbearable idea indeed. A girl may feel that she must take up the responsibility of caring for the child she has conceived, whether she is married or unmarried.

This can work out in practice, but it invariably involves one of two things—either the girl must entirely remodel her life, pulling up stakes completely and moving to a wholly new environment, or else she must resign herself to bringing up a child whom everyone knows to be illegitimate. The latter plan of action cannot bring anything but grief to mother and child alike, and so the former course is usually followed. The girl moves to another town shortly after having her baby, puts the prefix *Mrs.* before her name, and poses as either a widow or a divorcee, conveniently inventing a former husband for herself to serve as father to her child.

Some girls can do this with no apparent strain whatsoever. For them the obligations of motherhood are more important than family roots on one hand and truth on the other. But it has been my experience that few girls, especially younger ones, are equipped to live a lie without suffering from the strain. When one remodels one's entire living pattern and invents a background for one's self, the road is a rocky one and the situation an artificial one. While this solution may appeal in certain instances, it cannot be widely recommended.

The final alternative, and the one which is no doubt best in a vast majority of cases, is for the mother-to-be to leave school, take a spurious vacation, have her baby and put it up for adoption. This can usually be done with a certain degree of secrecy when handled properly, and the girl's living pattern can be maintained on a more or

less even keel; she can even enroll the following year at some other college and take up approximately where she left off.

Furthermore, she need not worry that she has killed the child which she was carrying, or that she has failed to provide for it—the home into which it is adopted will probably be far better than the home she could create for it as an unmarried mother.

The greatest faults of this plan emerge when it is not properly carried through. Reliable institutions throughout the country will handle all the necessary arrangements for internment and subsequent adoption in such a manner that the mother and the adopting family are mutually unaware of each other's identity. This is of the utmost necessity, as we need hardly mention; enough real-life dramas of a mother attempting to regain her adopted child have emerged in the past to make everyone conscious of the way these situations can get sticky otherwise.

The mother must make sure that the whole procedure is handled by a responsible agency or through a responsible physician. She must, furthermore, realize that she is going to give up her child, that she will never know it or know of it, and that she must strive to put it out of her mind forever. Sometimes this is easier said than done, but unless this procedure is followed the results can be literally heartbreaking.

All in all, it should be obvious that there simply is no perfect solution to the problem of premarital pregnancy. The problem is sufficiently grave to admit no pat solution. At best there is the inconvenience and unpleasantness of a forced marriage for an engaged couple. At the worst there is considerable misery, too often permanent in nature.

If there is no true cure, there are at least certain preventive measures. All the problems of unwed motherhood may be speedily bypassed if a girl merely avoids getting pregnant in the first place. On an individual basis,

a true understanding of the problems of the unmarried pregnant girl might motivate some girls to have second thoughts about the pros and cons of premarital coitus. The risk, surely, is a grave one; whether or not it is worth it is a matter for careful personal consideration.

But pat bromides to the effect that unmarried students should not have sexual intercourse have little effect on a larger scale. Persons have always engaged in premarital coitus and probably always will, and it seems that they are currently doing so even more than they ever did in the recent past. Whether one applauds or deplores the fact, it seems unlikely that we will be able to change this trend to any appreciable degree.

It is for this reason that I would again like to stress the utter necessity of informing college students of contraceptive methods, and of making contraceptives available to those students who desire them. For those who argue that such a program licenses premarital coitus, one need only reply that, not too many years ago, public information programs on the prevention and treatment of venereal disease were fought bitterly on the same grounds, and by persons of the same myopic mentality. It was then maintained that, by making prevention and treatment of gonorrhea and syphilis readily available, immorality would be encouraged and public decency offended.

I hope I will be excused for my impatience with this attitude, which I cannot but regard as evidence of abject stupidity. One does not license behavior by seeking to diminish the potential ill effects of such behavior. And one does not improve the moral standards of college youth by contributing to the quantity of pregnant co-eds and their illegitimate children.

Marriage on the Campus

A GENERATION OR SO ago, college students who married before graduation were generally asked to withdraw from school forthwith. At some of the more liberal institutions, and in certain special cases, students were allowed to marry while undergraduates. But such married students were few and far between. No college would ever have considered providing special housing for married students, and no married students would have expected any such provisions. At that time, a college student was an unmarried individual. He might be going with a girl, might be pinned, might even be engaged—but marriage itself was not to be undertaken until after he had graduated or had otherwise left school.

It would be hard to imagine an area of greater change than this one. Almost overnight, student marriage has become an accepted fact of life on campuses throughout

the nation. Married students, both husband and wife continuing to participate in the college's academic and social life, constitute a sizable group of persons in almost all co-educational colleges. While most schools reserve the right to be notified of a couple's intention to marry prior to the fact, and while some schools insist upon the right to accept or reject a proposed marriage, and while other schools require that the respective parents give their consent to the marriage, or at least be notified of it, student marriage has become a normal and commonplace event. There are authorities who advocate it and others who oppose it, but for everyone the old image of the college student as universally single until graduation has undergone drastic revision.

It is easier to explain the growth of this phenomenon —the collegiate marriage—than it is to assess its good and bad points. The trend toward college marriage began with the end of World War II. With the operation of the GI Bill of Rights, campuses from coast to coast were subjected to an inundation of war veterans, the effects of which are still being felt. This tidal wave of older and more experienced men resulted in a considerable change in the fabric of the average college's social structure.

Not the least of these changes was that social restrictions which could have been comfortably applied to eighteen and twenty-year-olds fresh from high school did not work out when tried on twenty-eight and thirty-year-olds fresh from Guadalcanal. It was absurd to tell such a man that he could not own a car, that he had to be in bed by midnight, or, finally, that he could not marry and remain in school. Many of these veterans, for that matter, were married when they arrived on campus. Others married sooner or later before graduation.

The liberalization of rules which the vets won for themselves also applied to other undergraduates. Marriage thus became permissable as far as the authorities were concerned.

Then, with the nationwide trend toward progressively earlier marriages, more and more college students began

to desire to marry before graduation. The practice became progressively less exceptional as it coincided more and more with the practices in the outside world. It might be worth noting, for instance, that high schools are now faced with approximately the same problem in regard to marriage that colleges faced a generation ago. About as many high school students marry now as did college students at that time, and the high schools are currently engaged in trying to determine whether or not to permit married pupils to continue their education. With such a situation in existence on the high school level, the marriage of college students is hardly phenomenal.

This trend toward early marriage is an extremely complex topic, and one which seems to derive from the increasing movement toward early steady-dating, early sexual awareness, and the whole pattern of sexual precosity which characterizes contemporary American society. A monumental need for security in a world which appears progressively less secure is no doubt one of the causes, as is the particular role we have cut out for sex in our culture. If the reader is interested in pursuing the motives for early marriage in deeper detail, he might wish to examine appropriate material in my book, *The Sexual Revolution.*

College students do marry, for better or for worse—and for richer or poorer, in sickness or health—and colleges have learned to live with this fact. Many schools have built special dormitories to house married students and their children in cozy modern efficiency apartments. Other schools have taken pains to arrange for off-campus married student housing. Marriage on the college campus exists, and in light of current trends the immediate future seems likely to see more married students than ever.

"I always felt that marriage on the undergraduate level was to be discouraged," a college administrator told me not long ago. "I had the not uncommon view that col-

lege was a place where a person came to be educated, and that education was best served when students were unmarried and were consequently more able to devote themselves to their academic work. It seemed a logical assumption, didn't it?"

He smiled. "But the facts don't bear it out," he went on. "At our school, for instance, we've found that a student's work moves up on the average of a full grade point when he or she marries. C students begin to get B's and B students begin to get A's. Maybe it's a sexual thing, maybe they can relax more completely when they have a normal quotient of sexual activity. Or perhaps they simply become more concerned with their studies. Whatever the cause, there's no escaping the fact that marriage has no detrimental effect upon scholastic achievement. Quite the reverse, in fact."

This is no isolated observation. It is a generally accepted fact that the married student does better work than he did before marriage. There are exceptions, certainly. Mothers of children simply don't have as much time for their studies, for example. And yet even in cases of this sort grades occasionally improve. It is not rare to come across a young mother who takes a full load of classes, missing school only for a week or so when her child is born, running straight A's in her studies and hurrying back to her apartment between classes to give her baby a bottle.

From a purely academic standpoint, then, one cannot avoid applauding collegiate marriages. They are remarkably successful in this respect. And the reasons for this success are clear ones, actually. The married student is away from the dating ratrace. He is less apt to be involved in extracurricular activities, more content to spend time at home. He does have that quotient of sexual activity which the college administrator mentioned. And, finally, marriage is inclined to make a more serious person out of him.

"When we got married," one young law student told

me, "I was in my last year as an undergraduate, with about two-thirds of the year to go before I was through. I was a little worried about how I would do in school, to tell you the truth, because getting with a top firm depends largely upon going to a top law school, and that depends upon grades. But I surprised myself. I did much better that last year, and not only that, I did so with what seemed like less work. I found myself with more free time than ever. I thought about it, and I realized how much time I used to waste with dates, not just going out but goofing off at the Coffee Shop and making out with various girls. Between that and fraternity time-wasting, I used up most of my time before I ever got a book open. After we were married I buckled down and studied and it came easier than ever before."

"After I was married I got more deeply involved in the studying end of things," another young husband explained. "Neither Ruth nor I had ever been tremendously motivated in that direction beforehand. I had always gotten decent grades, but I was never very spectacular as a student. I never really cared that much.

"But marriage changes things. Before that, I could always think that all I had to do was take it easy, that I had no big worries as far as earning a living went or anything else. Just take things as they came. I knew that after school let out I would be in the army, and then two years later something would turn up, and there was no reason to knock myself out.

"Then Ruthie and I decided that we wanted to get married, and by the time the honeymoon was over it started to sink in—that I was going to have to be able to support her and myself, that I had to settle down and start taking things a little more seriously. It didn't just hit me like a clap of thunder, it was a more gradual realization than that. But I started to think of things on a more serious level, and that led to more in the way of ambition, and that turned out to get me more interested in what I was studying. I wound up grabbing off a fellow-

ship, and now I'm teaching and picking up a Ph.D., Ruthie's expecting child number two, and I can't see how things could possibly have worked out better for me."

Nor do financial considerations, long an argument against campus marriages, still serve as a persuasive discouraging factor. The rejoinder that two can live as cheaply as one is especially valid in a society in which more and more women work. For men who contemplate going on to graduate or professional school, marriage can be financially advantageous; a working wife is a valuable source of income to a man in this position.

Even when both parties remain in school, and thus have to rely on support from their respective parents, this does not constitute much of a bar to marriage. "My father would be paying my tuition if I weren't married," one girl said. "Just because I am married is no reason for him to change his attitude. He's still paying the same amount per year for the same number of years, just as my father-in-law is paying for my husband's education. It would cost them each the same if we weren't married, so I don't see why they should object just because we are. It's the same thing in dollars and cents one way or the other."

"If anything," another girl echoed her, "it's cheaper this way. Married student housing costs less per capita than dormitory space, and the accommodations are better. Other costs are lower, too. I've already got my man, so I don't have to spend as much on clothes. He doesn't have to impress me by showing me an expensive time, so we don't spend as much socially. And I cook for both of us, so food costs are down. Why should my father object? I'm costing him less money than I did last year, and I'm living better."

When children enter the picture, the situation is somewhat different. But even so, few grandparents object to supporting children and grandchildren as well during the college years. "I sure as hell don't want my son dropping out of school and sacrificing his future just because he's a father," a man said. "And if he's going to be a father,

I'd rather he be married than single. The kids are living a sane and sensible life anyway you look at it. They're in love and they're married and they're parents and they're building a future. The old-fashioned notions about a man supporting his wife and child can wait until he's in a position to do so. Those concepts shouldn't be made to apply to college students. The world's changing, and some of our established attitudes have to change along with it."

It might seem from the above pages that the marriages of college students deserve nothing but unqualified approbation. Grades improve, social life settles down, goals are clarified, costs are no higher—if all of this is true, one might guess that the married student is at a tremendous advantage.

But there is another side to the picture as well. This darker side may be summed up in the statement that marriage is a matter for adults, and that students in colleges are not yet full-fledged adults. Their attitudes are still being shaped, their personalities are exceptionally flexible, their goals and desires have not yet taken final form. In short, they have a great deal of growing yet to do, and too early a fling at marriage may either stunt this growth or lead to a situation in which a husband and wife grow up to find they are not very well suited to one another.

A girl in her early twenties, fresh from the divorce courts, illuminates this side of the story. "We were perfect together," she said sadly. "We were in love, and it looked as though we had an ideal life to look forward to. But we changed so much in two years of marriage that it was as though we were two entirely different people. I don't even know how to explain it. We . . . grew apart, that's all. That's honestly all I can say. We had a lot in common, our personalities were a perfect match, and then we grew apart. I still don't understand it completely, but I know that next time I marry it's going to be different. I'll know who I am, and I'll know who I'm marrying, and we'll both be a good deal older and our personal-

ities will be more permanent, not in such a mad state of flux. This marriage looked like a sure thing and turned out to be a disaster, and I won't let that happen to me again."

Moreover, campus marriages begin in an environment which is essentially artificial and specialized—the campus social world, the academic sphere of influence. People who act and react in a certain fashion in this environment turn out to be quite different when out in the adult world. Quite often the result is an unhappy marriage between two persons who were in harmony on the college campus but who do not relate well to one another in the open world.

For other individuals, early marriage represents stunted personal growth and severe limitations in terms of travel, career, and academic pursuit. A young man named Peter Haskell, while recovering from a mild nervous breakdown, put it this way—

"I knew I would be gaining a lot by marrying. I didn't realize what I would be giving up. In the field I picked for myself—radio and TV—you have to be willing to start at the bottom and make plenty of sacrifices until you get somewhere. The pay is terrible, the hours are cockeyed and long, you wind up out of work a third of the time, and you have to be in a position to move anywhere in the country on a few days' notice. For a single guy, this isn't that much of a hardship. If you love your work, then you make those sacrifices without giving them a second thought. But I got married, and that meant we lived in apartments instead of a single room, and that we needed more money to get by, and that moving was a problem, and that if I spent too much time on the job my wife felt neglected, and everything else. There's a saying that a man who takes on a wife and children has given hostages to fame and fortune. I don't know who figured that out, but he had the right idea. I'll say that, all right."

Other students discover, after the initial glow of marriage has worn off, that the security and stability of mar-

riage has come to them before they are ready for it. They begin to realize that the freedom and youthfulness of the college experience still had value for them at the time they were escaping it.

"Here I am," said a college bride. "Twenty years old, and married, with a child coming. I'm just a young woman, just a girl, but I feel a million years old."

"When I run into my single classmates on the campus," a young man said, "they seem a few years younger than I am. I have to remind myself that we're all the same age. It's good to feel mature, of course, and I'm pleased at having finished with all the nonsense of fraternity floats and pantie raids. But at the same time I hate to think that I've outgrown my youth at such a young age. It's a damned discomforting thought."

As we can see, college marriage, like so many of the facets of college life which we have been exploring, is another topic which is neither all black nor all white, all good or all bad. It is good in some respects and bad in others, and it is good for some individuals and not so good for others.

It is worst, generally, for those individuals who somehow manage to find themselves stampeded into it. The dating process is an arduous and hectic affair, designed to lead to emotional relationships which achieve a degree of depth occasionally greater than that desired by either party. Just as sexual involvement can proceed almost of its own accord to the point where a couple is in over their heads, so can a relationship progress in terms of emotional involvement and commitment at too rapid a pace.

"Steady, pinned, engaged, married—it all happened to me before I knew what was going on." This is a familiar chant in married students' quarters from coast to coast. With early marriage becoming more and more the norm, all the pressures in this direction become just that much more effective. And students who do find themselves

united in holy matrimony "before they know what's going on" are not too likely to enjoy the best of all possible marriages.

Marriage is most apt to work out successfully when it represents a union of two mature individuals who are ready to do the sort of settling down that marriage demands. This does not mean that two such people have done all their growing, or that they are ready for some sort of emotional wheel chair. It does mean that their separate personalities ought to be fairly well formed, that their goals as individuals and as a family ought to be fairly well clarified, and that they ought to be very certain that marriage, with its limitations and responsibilities, is precisely what they want for themselves.

One possibility which we have not yet considered, but one which does operate as an unconscious influence in leading some young couples to the altar, is marriage for the sake of achieving personal freedom and sexual satisfaction. It should go without saying that this is a prohibitively weak foundation on which to build a marriage. Young persons who marry so that they can sleep together would be well advised to postpone the marriage for the time being or to sleep together without benefit of ceremony. And couples who see marriage as a neat way out of parental supervision and college rules and regulations will only find out, sooner or later, that they have succeeded in exchanging one prison for another, more permanent one.

The new collegiate scene, with married students playing a prominent part in it, with the playpen and the bassinet standard pieces of college furniture, is good and bad depending on one's point of view and also on what aspect one considers. For the unmarried student, the presence of married student couples on campus has surely not turned out to be the evil influence it was once feared to be. If anything, married men and women tend to exert a sobering influence upon the general pattern of collegiate society. They are more studious and serious,

they lead quieter lives, and they are generally more conservative.

Nor does their presence necessarily serve to inspire other students to try marriage. This may be the case in some instances, but quite the opposite occurs at times.

"The girl who was my freshman room-mate got married during her sophomore year," one girl reported, smiling. "She's got one baby already and she has another on the way. Sometimes, when I think how nice it would be to be married, I'll see her walking across the campus, pushing a buggy, with her belly sticking out half a mile. And I'll say to myself, *There but for the grace of God go I*. And that takes care of any thoughts of marriage in my little head."

Trends in College Sexuality

THE SEXUAL behavior of college students, male or female, is in a state of flux. This should be no surprise—campus sexual behavior has been in such a state for years, and will no doubt continue to undergo significant changes for some time to come. With the sexual behavior patterns of the entire nation in a constant state of upheaval during recent years, it is only reasonable to expect the dynamic college environment to reflect in somewhat intensified form the sexual revolution prevalent through every segment of American culture.

It is difficult enough to attempt to analyze the current shifts in collegiate sexual behavior without attempting to predict the future. But we can make educated guesses about this aspect of the educational scene. Working from the foundation of an understanding of the present situation, it is not impossible to work up a hypothetical pic-

ture of the behavior patterns likely to dominate the collegiate scene in the future.

There is no clear sign, certainly, that the sexual activity which characterizes the average college campus will diminish in quantity or in degree. On the contrary, it seems reasonable to assume that the reverse will be true, that, in the realm of sex, more students will go further in the next several years. The campus virgin, already a fairly rare creature, will move somewhat closer to extinction. With premarital coitus becoming progressively more permissible in the eyes of college students, chastity will continue to lose its appeal and conformity to the standard of limited premarital coital experience will continue to become the rule for more and more college girls.

Limited is a key word in the foregoing sentence. I do not feel that there is any reason to assume that the coming years will be marked by a general decline in sexual standards, but rather by a change in sexual standards. Genuine promiscuity will probably be viewed with no more favor in the coming years than it is now, whereas coitus as a function of a valid emotional relationship will become more acceptable.

If anything, the radical extremes of sexual behavior will probably be gradually modified rather than enlarged upon. Much of the "wild" sexual behavior of our youth derives to an extent from the pressures and inherent confusion of contradictory and ill-defined sexual standards. A settling period, a time for standards to become more sharply defined and more firmly established, should result in a more aware devotion to these standards on the part of ever more students.

At the same time, it seems wholly probable that there will be something of a shake-up in the rigidity of the "typical" pattern of mate-selection, the highly stylized road from steady-dating through pinning and engagement to marriage. The organization-man approach to life in general, this present college generation's concept of hardheaded practicality, is already beginning to fall from

favor, especially in the smaller and more progressive schools. Idealism is being bound up in a renascence and plays a greater role in campus life than it did since the thirties. With such movements as the Peace Corps, the civil-rights battle, and the fight to ban nuclear weapons serving as an outlet for student idealism, this rigid pragmatism is already losing much of its appeal.

Although our society as a whole remains as security-conscious as ever, college students are once again becoming somewhat more excited about causes and ideas than about pension plans and early retirement. And, with this reorientation in social outlook, a complementary sort of reorientation in the dating process is beginning to move into the picture. The security of early mating should begin to give way to the excitement of personal freedom and idealistic love. This will all be on the order of a gradual trend, not an overnight about-face—but it should make itself known.

In this context, individualism has been and will be more notable in campus life. Many institutions which have been permanent fixtures on the American undergraduate scene are already beginning to wane in influence. The fraternity and sorority, long unquestioned as vital social organizations on campus, have already lost much of the universality of their appeal. In more and more schools they are losing influence and dying out. New social structures will grow up to take their place, ones which are more compatible with the current atmosphere of the campus, and this replacement of the fraternity and sorority will have profound effects of one sort or another upon collegiate social life.

We can already see evidence of the considerable change in the student's view of college, his picture of what the college is, what role it plays in his life, and just how much influence it has a right to exert over his personal behavior, sexual and otherwise. One of the phenomenal trends of this decade, and one which we have not heretofore had occasion to examine in this book, is the tendency for more students every year to undertake

further education after graduation from college. All the professions require such graduate education, of course, but nowadays more and more less specialized students are going on to earn master's and doctorate degrees before teaching school, before marrying, or before going into business. Whether this movement represents a thirst for more pure knowledge, a desire to rise above the mass of Americans possessing college degrees, or a handy means of escaping the harsh realities of the outside world for another few years, the effect is a great one.

For one thing, college is no longer universally viewed as the last step before maturity, or as the final educational experience. More and more young persons every year see themselves as students not merely until they are twenty-one or twenty-two, but until they are pushing thirty. Graduation from an undergraduate institution thus becomes progressively less a leap across the Rubicon. Just as the college student cannot read too much overwhelming significance into his graduation from high school, since he will be continuing his education without a break, so the prospective graduate student cannot attach too much significance to graduation from college and the possession of a bachelor's degree.

Acts which were logically postponed until college graduation—sexual intercourse, marriage, or whatever—can now anticipate that date as a time to come of age. One girl, for example, told me how her parents begged her to put off marriage until she graduated. "But Bob and I will both be going to grad school for the next five or six years," she said. "We'll be in the same position then that we're in now. It doesn't make any sense for us to wait until we're twenty-seven or twenty-eight before we get married. My parents wouldn't want us to wait that long. So why should we wait at all?"

The position of the college in relation to the personal life of the student is another area which is currently being questioned closely, and in which some clarification is to be expected in future years. In the past, students were

more inclined to accept the college as empowered to act *in loco parentis*—literally, in the place of a parent. The average student accepted as axiomatic the college's right to make rules relating to his sexual conduct. Whether or not he chose to obey these rules was something else again, but he rarely felt that he had any right to question the college's prerogative to lay down the law and to take disciplinary action against lawbreakers.

But this is no longer the case. Students now are far more inclined to feel that they themselves have the fundamental right to govern their sex lives according to their own lights. This is not merely a case of self-justification; often virgins are among the staunchest defenders of the student's right to do as he pleases in the realm of sex. Whether sexual behavior is thought to be a student government matter or a wholly personal and private topic, the general consensus is that it is surely not a matter for administrative concern.

Evidences of this trend have drawn quite a bit of public attention recently. The president at a renowned girl's school states a year or so ago—specifically in response to a request for a clarification of the school's official policy in this area—that girls who engaged in premarital sex relations or excessive drinking ought to withdraw from the college. Years ago such a statement would have been received without a murmur, although it might have been as thoroughly ignored in practice. But now the student body reacted with a roar. One student pointed out that, if the speech were taken seriously, "two-thirds of the student body would withdraw." Another suggested that, if the school were to become the Poughkeepsie Victorian Seminary for Young Virgins, the change of policy ought to be reflected in the admissions catalogue.

The point here is not that students felt themselves threatened by the college's position, but that they felt the college had no right to hold any position at all on the matter—that sexual relations were none of the school's business. The college president's statement in this case was a mild one, intended not as a threat of disci-

plinary action but as a simple statement of official policy. It is even doubtful that the president seriously expected any student to change her pattern of sexual behavior. But students no longer seem to be willing to accept—and simultaneously ignore—such official statements of policy.

This seems to point, too, to a general desire for the realignment of existential and normative mores. The gulf between what we profess to accept as a moral code and what we actually put into practice is a huge one, and most especially so in the realm of premarital sexual behavior. A modification of the normative mores to bring them into line with what actually goes on seems to be desired, and may well come into being to a greater or lesser degree. If enough individuals are sufficiently uncomfortable with the existing situation, a change is inevitable.

The rising discontent with the notion of administrative control over the personal affairs of students has also found expression in two other closely-linked trends—the increasing popularity of large urban colleges and the increasing desire for off-campus housing accommodations. Both of these movements are a complete reversal of former undergraduate attitudes. Previously, students showed a distinct preference for dormitory living, and similarly identified the college experience with the idea of living for four years in a college town—a small village or town where the college served as the hub of activity.

The appeal of urban universities, of course, is based on more than a simple desire for privacy. Students who prefer the big-city environment will point to the increased cultural opportunities in an urban area, the proximity of theaters and libraries and museums. They will argue that a large city is a more cosmopolitan place and constitutes better preparation for the future.

But the anonymity which urban schools afford and the privacy which is readily available there is a major factor, certainly. Large urban colleges exercise considerably less control over their students' personal lives than do other colleges. The student can come and go as he pleases, can

do what he wants when he wants, and can obtain a degree of privacy which cannot be matched on another sort of campus. Sexual freedom is a part of this personal liberty, whether or not it is the major factor in motivating students to seek out these schools. When a student attends school in New York or Chicago, lives in off campus accommodations of his own selection, and has no contact with the college itself accept in its various classrooms, his sexual life is very much a matter of his own choosing.

At other schools, the appeal of off-campus lodgings is almost entirely sexual in nature. There are arguments to the effect that a dormitory room is less conducive to studying than a private apartment, or that there are too many distractions on the campus itself. But the chief attraction of off-campus housing is undoubtedly the privacy it affords, and this privacy is most valuable for sexual matters. This is not to say that a student with an apartment off the main campus will lead a freer sex life than he would have led if confined to a room in a dormitory. Adverse conditions have never succeeded in stifling sexual impulses or in implanting moral instincts. But an off campus apartment certainly makes sex easier and more comfortable, and the fact that so many students want to live off campus shows the emphasis placed upon comfortable sex, and the student's feeling that he is entitled to it, entitled to regulate his sex life himself.

In larger universities, the presence of older graduate students in increasing numbers also interferes with the college's age-old role *in loco parentis*. In a preceding chapter, we made mention of the manner in which the influx of veterans at the close of World War II tore apart the existing social order—regulations which were acceptable to younger students did not go over well with the vets. In much the same way, a large university has the problem now of applying undergraduate rules to graduate students.

And this is a very real problem. While one may support the college's right to protect the virginity of an eighteen-year-old girl, one may well be less inclined to

defend the college's right to interfere in the sexual affairs of a girl eight or ten years her senior. At such an age, we can only presume that sexual morality is the responsibility of the individual. But where is the administration to draw the line? A separate set of rules and standards for graduate students is an awkward affair at best, and the application of one set of rules to both is not acceptable either.

A case in point occurred at a large Eastern school when the authorities elected to expel a graduate student in his late twenties for having shared an apartment over the summer with a young lady—not a student—to whom he was not married and whom he had no intention of marrying. The whole notion of a university presuming to regulate a mature male's sex life in this respect, when he was neither engaged in study at the university nor using college facilities for sexual purposes, surely seems to go against the grain. Student sentiment was markedly in conflict with the college's action on all fronts, and one can well appreciate the reasons for it. This would seem to be an area into which the college would have neither the moral right nor the social duty to interfere.

And yet how is the college to draw the line? Where is intervention desirable and where is it not? As a general rule, most colleges set up strict standards to which they pay lip service and which they in practice ignore. One rule will be established for all students, but will be applied only to undergraduates, and then only in more flagrant cases.

This system has served in the past. It does not seem to be working so well now, not with the general desire for more personal freedom, not for the concommitant desire for a realignment of theoretical and practical policy. It will be interesting to discover just what official position the colleges will eventually take up, and just how well it will work for all concerned.

This, then, is our picture of the sexual behavior of the American college girl, of the stresses and strains under

which she operates, of the way she looks at herself and the way the world looks at her. She is, as we have seen, a girl with many problems. It is at college that she makes her major steps toward sexual maturity, and it is at this time, on the campus, that she either moves sharply along this road or stumbles and falls on her face.

She is a study in extremes and contrasts, anxious and overconfident at once, carefree and brutally serious, living for the moment and drawing up elaborate plans for the future. She is promiscuous or virginal—or, through the medium of petting, paradoxically both of these at once. She is caught up in a complex social process or deliberately at odds with all the processes of society. She is mature beyond her years and comically young at once.

She is elaborately confused, and perhaps this is only to be expected in our elaborately confusing society. She is unrealistic in her idealism and harshly pragmatic at the same time.

No snap judgments, no slick catch-phrases, no armchair psychology can sum her up. And in her we can find both cause for alarm and cause for approval, which, all in all, is as it should be. She is growing—not as a robot but as a human being.

May the reader join me in wishing her the very best of success.

YOU WILL NOT WANT TO MISS THESE EXCITING MYSTERIES FROM THE LANCER LIBRARY

The Blood Red Oscar by Elsie Lee	71-312	35¢
The Creepers by John Creasey	70-030	40¢
Curtains For A Lover by Robert Dietrich	71-311	35¢
Dark Hazard by W. R. Burnett	71-307	35¢
Dead in Bed by Henry Kane	71-304	35¢
Frenzy by Jonathan Craig	70-013	40¢
The Golden Key by William O'Farrell	70-029	40¢
My Body by Robert Dietrich	70-010	40¢
Red-Headed Sinners by Jonathan Craig	71-317	35¢
Robert Taylor's Detectives by Norman Daniels	71-316	35¢
Who Has Wilma Lathrop? Murder on the Side by Day Keene	72-633	50¢

If these books are not available at your local newsstand, send price indicated plus 5¢ to cover mailing costs and if you wish a complete catalog, write to LANCER BOOKS, INC., 26 West 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

A NEW AND EXCITING LIST OF MODERN NOVELS FROM LANCER

TEASER by Orrie Hitt 73-411 (60¢). An emotional novel of a relentless woman. Bonnie knew what she wanted and didn't care who she destroyed in her greedy pursuit of love and money.

WHO KNOWS LOVE? by Florence Stonebraker 72-654 (50¢). Two women tormented by strange passions are drawn to each other in their search for fulfillment.

PRINCE BART by Jay Richard Kennedy 73-410 (60¢). The bestselling novel of Bart Blaine's ruthless climb to Hollywood stardom.

THE WIFE SWAPPERS by Bonnie Golightly 72-642 (50¢). A startlingly frank novel of the life and good times of suburban couples.

APHRODITE by Pierre Louys 72-623 (50¢). The famous French classic of the life of a Greek courtesan in an extraordinary translation.

MEMORY OF PASSION by Gil Brewer 70-008 (40¢). A voluptuous phantom from the past returns to torment the life of Bill Sommers with memories of passion he tried so hard to bury.

SHAMED by Luther Gordon

SHANTY-TOWN TEASE by Florence Stonebraker 72-637 (50¢). A double helping of sin, sex and redemption.

SEASON OF LOVE by Colin Ross

THE WRONG TURN by Daniel Harper 72-634 (50¢). Two tales of love, one set in Paris, of uninhibited women seeking excitement.

If these books are not available at your local newsstand and if you wish a free catalog of books, send price indicated plus 5¢ per book to cover mailing costs to LANCER BOOKS, INC., 26 West 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

DOES INNOCENCE END when higher education begins? The college campus offers American girls new freedoms and introduces them to unfamiliar outlooks on life. What does it do to their sexual attitudes and habits?

This book gives the first authentic information in years on a much-discussed subject. Based on hundreds of case histories, it tells you what happens to girls in college, and how this affects their lives—and yours.

A LANCER SPECIAL • NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED